SONGS, QUARTETS, AND CHORUSES.

TEMPERANCE ECHOES:

A COLLECTION OF

SACRED AND SECULAR MUSIC,

SUITABLE FOR

Temperance Gatherings, Glee Clubs, and the Home Circle.

The Music adapted to Original Words

BY

WILLIAM DRESSLER,

Author of "Sacred Selections for Church and Home,"--"Ne Plus Ultra Glee Book,"—"Sängerfest" Glee Book, for Male Voices,—"Fairy Echoes" School Book, etc., etc.

BOSTON:
OLIVER DITSON COMPANY.

NEW YORK: C. H. Ditson & Co. CHICAGO: Lyon & Healy. PHILA: J. E. Ditson & Co. BOSTON: John C. Haynes & Co.

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AGAIN WE MEET WITH ZEAL TO WORK.

COMMENCEMENT HYMN.

TWO-PART CHORUS.

WM. DRESSLER.

Andantino.

1. A - gain we meet, with zeal to work Up - on our dai - ly
2. The sun doth rise at ear - ly morn And shine on ev - 'ry
3. So when the hours have quick-ly flown And all our day is

1. task; A bless - ing on our ef - forts, Lord! Of Thee we hum - bly
2. thing, It makes the flow'-rets bud and bloom, The birds re - joice and
3. gone, May night be ev - er un - to us As wel - come as the

1. ask! May all that we shall strive to do, To Thy great glo - ry
2. sing, So let us shed an influence round All kind - ly, good and
3. morn; With ev - 'ry la - bor well perform'd, And hearts at peace with

1. tend! Crown our en - deav - ors with suc-cess, To us, Thy spir - it
2. sweet; Give lov - ing words and friend - ly smiles, To ev - 'ry heart we
3. all, Our rest with cheer - ful - ness we'll seek, To sleep we'll gen - tly

Sym.

1. send!
2. meet.
3. fall.

FATHER, HEAR US.

DUET, SOLO & CHORUS, (*Tenor & Bass, ad lib.*)

Words by GEORGE COOPER. Music by J. R. THOMAS.

Larghetto.

1. Fa - ther, hear us! Fa - ther, hear us!
2. Doubt and sor - row long have bound us,

Be thou near us, ev - er near us, Let thy spir - it
His un-num-bered flock a-round us, Heav'n - ly Fa - ther!

bless and cheer us While we jour - ney on..... our way,
thou hast found us Full of sad - ness and of guilt;

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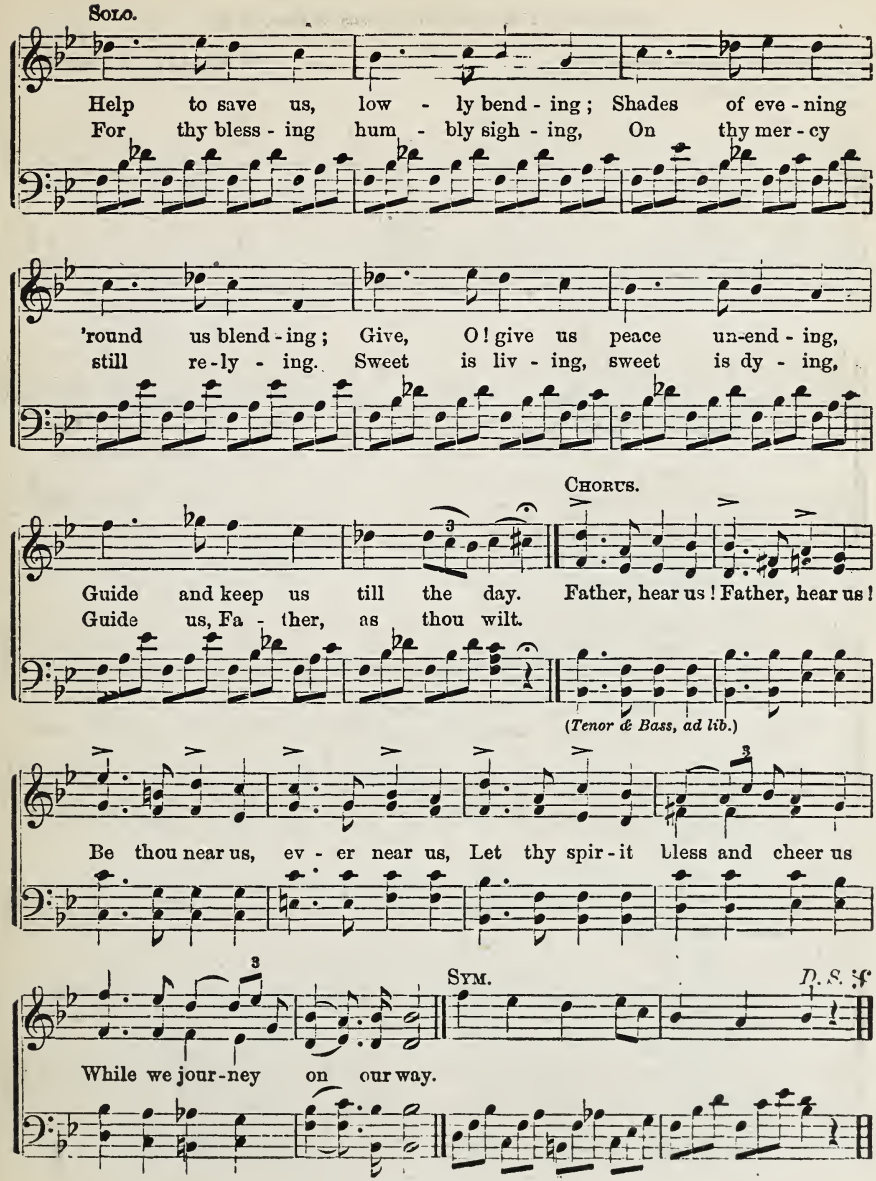
Solo.
Help to save us, low - ly bend - ing; Shades of eve - ning
For thy bless - ing hum - bly sigh - ing, On thy mer - cy
'round us blend - ing; Give, O! give us peace un-end - ing,
still re - ly - ing. Sweet is liv - ing, sweet is dy - ing,
Chorus.
Guide and keep us till the day. Father, hear us! Father, hear us!
Guide us, Fa - ther, as thou wilt.
(Tenor & Bass, ad lib.)
Be thou near us, ev - er near us, Let thy spir - it bless and cheer us
Sym.
D. S.
While we jour - ney on our way.

GOD BLESS OUR HOME.

SOLO AND THREE PART CHORUS. JAMES E. STEWART.

Allegretto.

mf

f

1. God bless our
2. God bless our
3. God bless our

1. home, our hap-py home! Shed blessings on us from a-bove, Pro-tect us
2. home, our hap-py home! Let joy and peace a-round us dwell, Watch o'er us
3. home, our hap-py home! When lov'd ones meet with smiles of love, And all is

1. from all grief and want, And ev-er guide us with thy love; Should sor-row
2. with thy ho-ly care, And nev-er break this hap-py spell; In trou-ble's
3. peace and joy with-in, And ho-ly tho'ts for Thee a-bove; Oh guard the

1. ev-er fill our hearts, Oh bid it from us quick-ly roam, And let us
2. hour,— O, com-fort us, And let Thy light shine on our home, The hea-ven
3. heart— now gather'd there With Thy sweet love, Oh! guard our home; Let peace and

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1. live in hap - pi - ness— God bless our home, our hap - py home!
2. of our sweetest thoughts God bless our home, our hap - py home!
3. plen - ty 'round us dwell,— God bless our home, our hap - py home!

CHORUS.

1ST VOICE.

God bless our home, God bless our home, Our home so

2D & 3D VOICE.

bright and full of love; Shed bless-ings on us from a -

ACC.

f

bright and full of love! Shed bless-ings on us from a -

- bove; God bless our home, our hap-py home! *D.S.*

- bove; God bless our home, our hap - - py home!

DO RIGHT AND FEAR NOT.

DUET & CHORUS. *(Tenor & Base, ad lib.)*

Words by GEORGE COOPER. Music by J. R. THOMAS.

Maestoso. *f* *ff* FINE.

1. Do ye right and fear not! O! hear thy Lord's command;
2. Doubts will fly be - fore thee, And O! the sweet re-lief;

This thy no - ble watchword While foes around thee stand,
Sim - ple trust will give thee, In all thy care and grief!

Ter-rors that have bound thee, En - dure but for a day;
Lo! the end is wear-ing, O! be then faith-ful still;

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Shadows that surround thee O! soon shall pass a - way.
Life or Death un - fear - ing, Since thou hast done His will.

CHORUS.

Do ye right and fear not! In doubt and pain and loss;

Tenor & Bass, ad lib.

ACC.

Onward! thou shalt con-quer, Thou sol-dier of the cross!

O JESUS! WHO FOR LOVE OF ME.

Verse which may be sung by the children at the Stations of the Cross.)

BEETHOVEN.

Slow and Plaintive.

O Je - sus! who for love of me, Did'st bear thy cross to Cal - va - ry.
In thy sweet mer - cy grant to me, To live e - ter - nal - ly with Thee!

FATHER, EVER KEEP ME NEAR THEE.

SONG & CHORUS, *(Tenor & Bass, ad lib.)*

Words by Mrs. M, A. Kidder. Music by Geo. W. Persley.

Andante con devotione.

p

f

1. Fa - ther, ev - er keep me near Thee, Lest I seek for - bid-den ways;
2. Things di - vine I cast far from me, Put-ting off the e - vil day;
3. Per - ish earth-ly things be - low me! Van-ish all life's fleet-ing toys!

Teach my soul to love and fear Thee, Sovereign rul - er of my days!
When Thou should'st spread out before me All my sins in dread ar - ray!
I have bought Heav'n's priceless treasures, I may share im - mor-tal joys;

I have wandered far from du - ty, I have kept mine eyes cast down,
Fa - ther, now I see my dan - ger, Leave, oh leave me not a - lone!
Fa - ther, ev - er keep me near Thee, Lest I seek for - bid - den ways.

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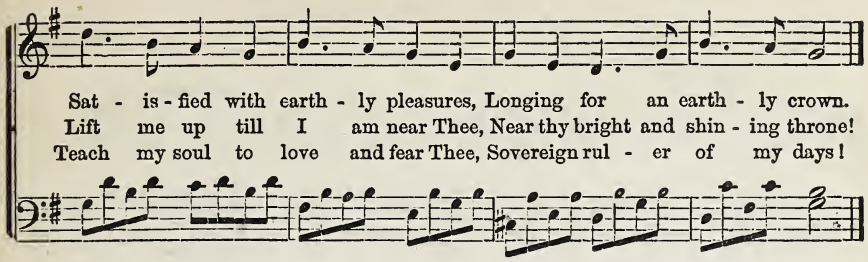
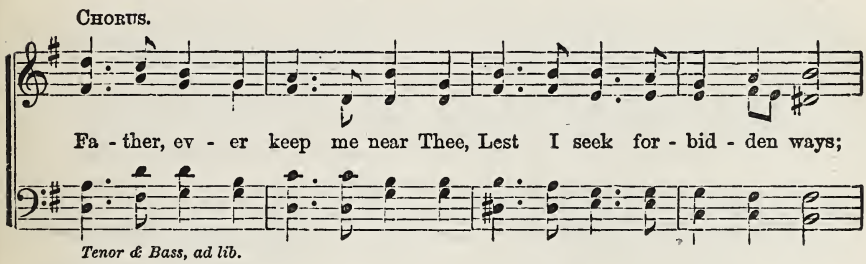
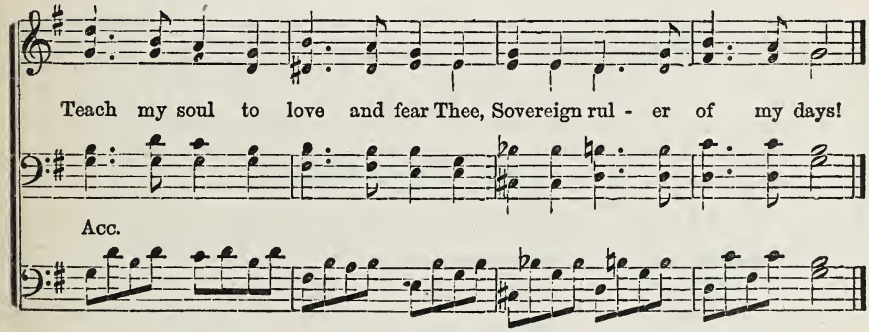
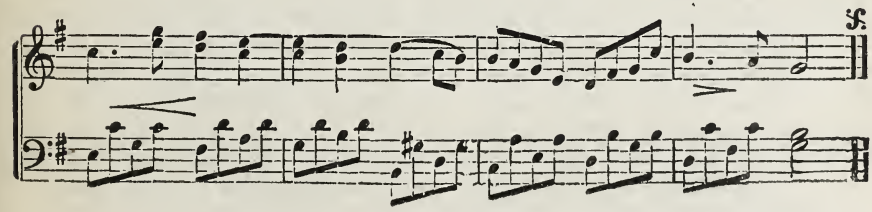

Sat - is - fied with earth - ly pleasures, Longing for an earth - ly crown.
Lift me up till I am near Thee, Near thy bright and shin - ing throne!
Teach my soul to love and fear Thee, Sovereign rul - er of my days!


Chorus.
Fa - ther, ev - er keep me near Thee, Lest I seek for - bid - den ways;
Tenor & Bass, ad lib.


Teach my soul to love and fear Thee, Sovereign rul - er of my days!
Acc.


Sf.

CROSS AND CROWN.

DUET & CHORUS, *(Tenor & Bass, ad lib.)*

Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by J. R. Thomas.

Andante.

f

1. Cross and Crown! Oh sweet the sto - ry That ye breathe un-to us now! Round ye
2. Cross and Crown! ye lead us kind-ly In the ways of love and light! Where thou
3. Cross and Crown! ye bring be - fore us Vis-ions of our Saviour's pain! Round ye

1st Voice.

ad lib. *rit.* *Tempo.*

p

beams our Saviour's glo - ry, While be-fore His throne we bow! Life and
art we fol - low blind - ly, Trust - ing in thy heav'n-ly might! Still on
falls the an - gel's cho - rus, In our hearts He lives a - gain. Still on

dim. 2d Voice.

light of all our liv - ing! Comfort in our nights of woe! All our
Thee we look while sor - row Falls up - on our earth - ly way! Faith shall
Thee in grief re - ly - ing, Tho' the storms of earth may frown, In the

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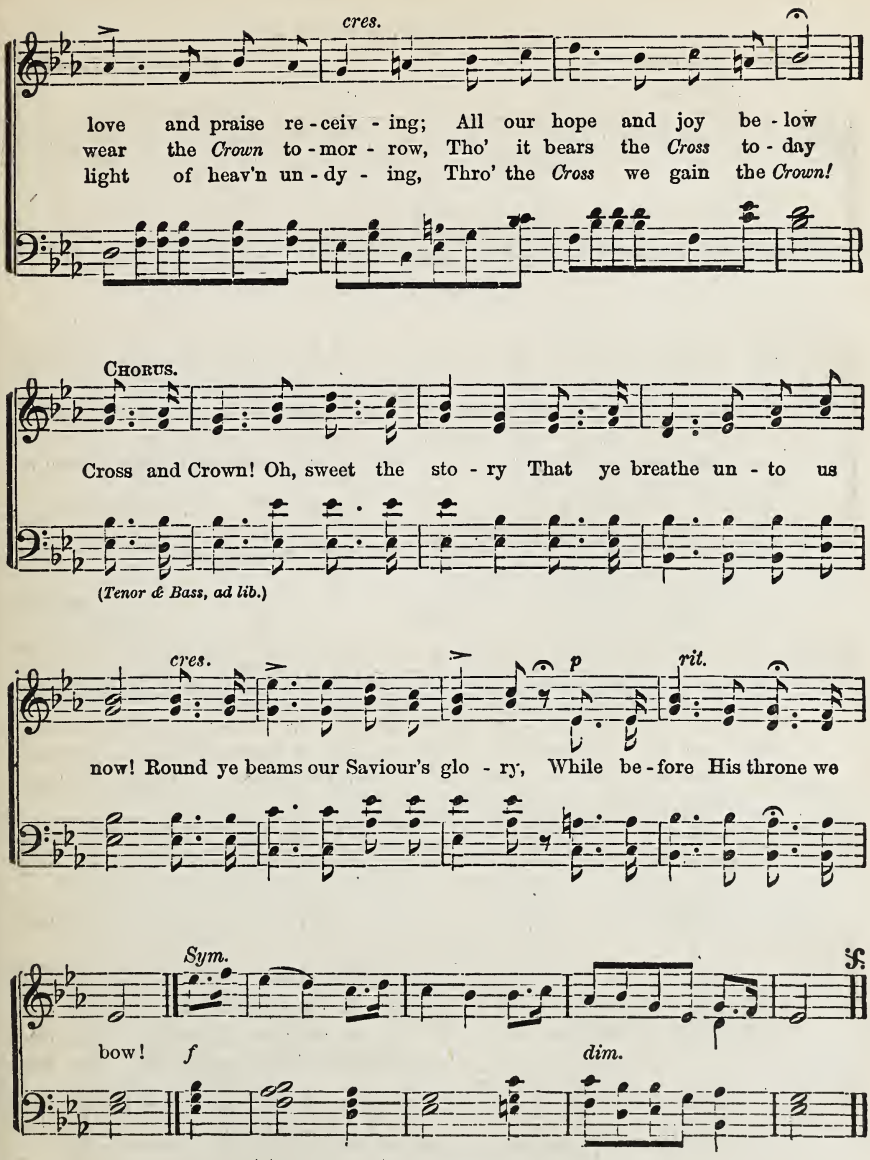
cres.
love and praise re - ceiv - ing; All our hope and joy be - low
wear the Crown to - mor - row, Tho' it bears the Cross to - day
light of heav'n un - dy - ing, Thro' the Cross we gain the Crown!
Chorus.
Cross and Crown! Oh, sweet the sto - ry That ye breathe un - to us
(Tenor & Bass, ad lib.)
cres.
p
rit.
now! Round ye beams our Saviour's glo - ry, While be - fore His throne we
Sym.
bow!
f
dim.

LORD. TEACH ME HOW TO PRAY.

SONG.

W. V. WALLACE.

mp *pp*

f

1. Lord! teach me how to pray, In - cline my heart to Thee;
2. Oh, frame my lips to speak Words meet for Thee to hear;
3. I would, by day and night, Sweet con-verse hold with Thee;

f

p

Grant that I hence-forth may In spir - it more low - ly be.
Long - ing, Thy grace I seek, Oh! drive from my heart all fear.
Guide Thou my tho'ts a - right, That I Thy de - sire may see.

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When waves of sor-row roll, And in des-pair I call, Thy
When darkness round me lies, And trou - ble com - eth nigh, A -
Let sin en-slave no more, Or chain me here be - low, Ap-

love up - on my soul Like sweet-est balm doth fall.
- rise, my voice, a - rise! To Thy blest throne on high.
- proach, my soul, that shore, Where naught but joy thou'lt know.

pp *p*

Lord! teach me how to pray, Lord! teach me how to pray.

pp *p* *pp*

1st & 2d time. *ff* | last time.

mf *pp*

HEAR THE WIVES AND MOTHERS WEEPING.

AIR.—*Lay me where my Mother's sleeping.*

FOR MIXED QUARTET.

J. E. STEWART

p

1. Hear the wives and mothers weeping, For the curse that Rum has brought!
2. Go in - to the lanes and high-ways, Oh, re - claim the hapless Sot!

p

1. Hear the wives and mothers weeping, For the curse that Rum has brought!
2. Go in - to the lanes and high-ways, Oh, re - claim the hapless Sot!

p

rall.

1 Hunger's darkly round them creep- ing, Hopes and joys have come to naught.
2 Search in all the ci - ty's by - ways, Let no kind-ness be for- got!

rall.

1 Hunger's darkly round them creep- ing, Hopes and joys have come to naught.
2 Search in all the ci - ty's by - ways, Let no kind-ness be for- got!

rall.

mz a tempo. *rit.*

1 Once their homes were full of gladness, Till the wick-ed tempter came,
2 Tell thy poor and err - ing brother, There is hope for him at last;

mz a tempo. *rit.*

1 Once their homes were full of gladness, Till the wick-ed tempter came,
2 Tell thy poor and err - ing brother, There is hope for him at last;

mz a tempo. *rit.*

p a tempo. *rall.*

1 Hark! the wail of wea-ry sad-ness,—Lay to li-quor all the blame.
2 Cheer each weeping wife and moth-er, Smooth the way be-fore them cast.

p a tempo. *rall.*

1 Hark! the wail of wea-ry sad-ness,—Lay to li-quor all the blame.
2 Cheer each weeping wife and moth-er, Smooth the way be-fore them cast.

p a tempo. *rall.*

CHORUS. *mz* *rit.*

Hear the wives and mothers weep-ing For their sons and husbands dear,.....

mz *rit.*

Hear the wives and mothers weep-ing For their sons and husbands dear,.....

mz *rit.*

p a tempo. *p* *rit.*

Stay the tide of Ru-in, sweep-ing Millions from us ev'-ry year.

p a tempo. *p* *rit.*

Stay the tide of Ru-in, sweep-ing Millions from us ev'-ry year.

p a tempo. *p* *rit.*

I'M DONE WITH YOU, OLD WHISKEY.

AIR.—*How d'y do, Aunt Susie.*

Music by JAMES E. STEWART.

Moderato.

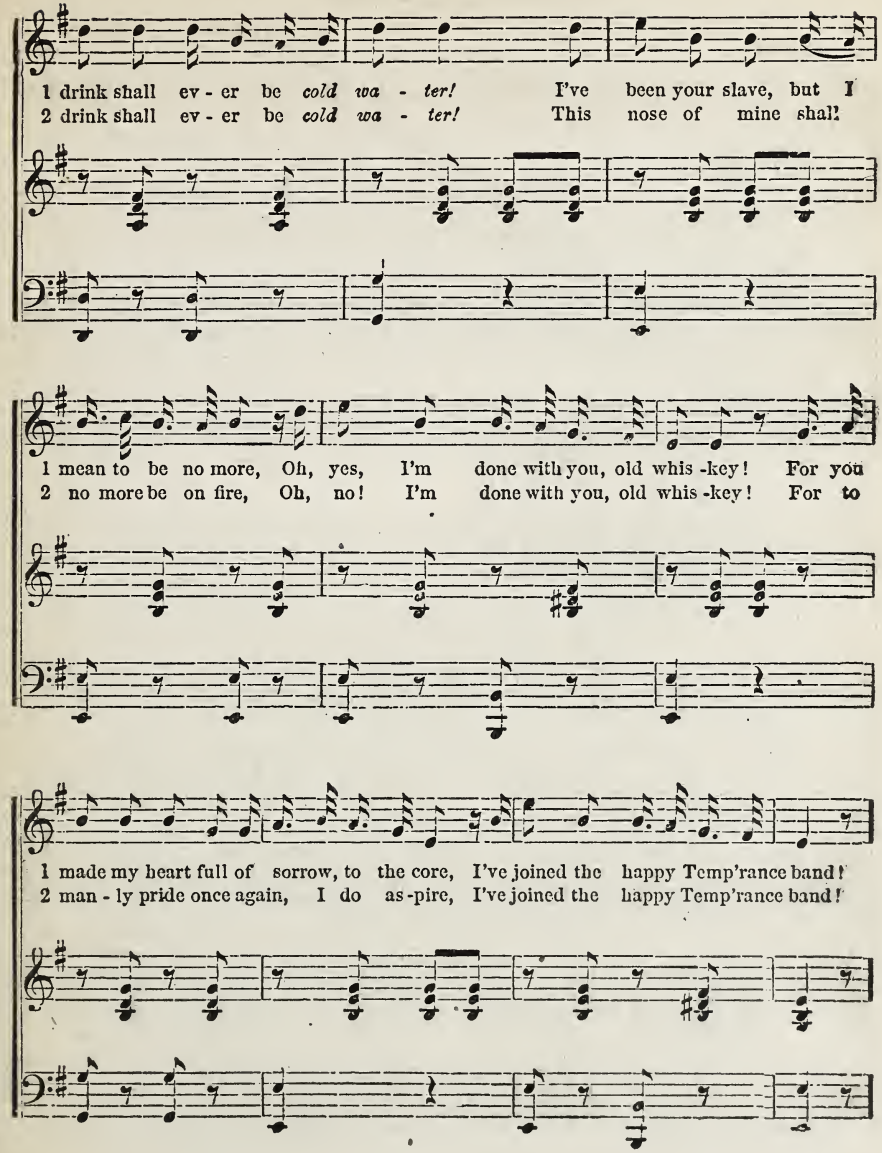
mp

mp *mf* *f* *fff*

f

1. Oh, I've broke my bot - tle on the ston- y ground, I'm done with you, old
2. Oh, no more my clothes will hang a-round in rags, I'm done with you, old

1 Whis - key! Once a - gain to live a so - ber life, I'm bound, My
2 Whis - key! Nev -er more I'll reel, and be the sport of wags, My


1 drink shall ev - er be *cold wa - ter!* I've been your slave, but I
2 drink shall ev - er be *cold wa - ter!* This nose of mine shall
1 mean to be no more, Oh, yes, I'm done with you, old whis -key! For you
2 no more be on fire, Oh, no! I'm done with you, old whis -key! For to
1 made my heart full of sorrow, to the core, I've joined the happy Temp'rance band!
2 man - ly pride once again, I do as -pire, I've joined the happy Temp'rance band!

CHORUS FOR MIXED, OR MALE VOICES, OMITTING THE 3D VOICE.

AIR. *mf*

2d voice.

No more! No more! Will I car - ry an - y "brick" with-in my

TENOR *ad lib.*

No more! No more! Will I car - ry an - y "brick" with-in my

BASS.

mf

hat! For I'm gay - er now than the best with -in the land, I've

hat! For I'm gay - er now than the best with -in the land, I've

joined the happy Temp'rance band!

joined the happy Temp'rance band!

Sym.

mf

Presto.*

cres

cen - - - - *do.*

f

fff

Cym. Drums.

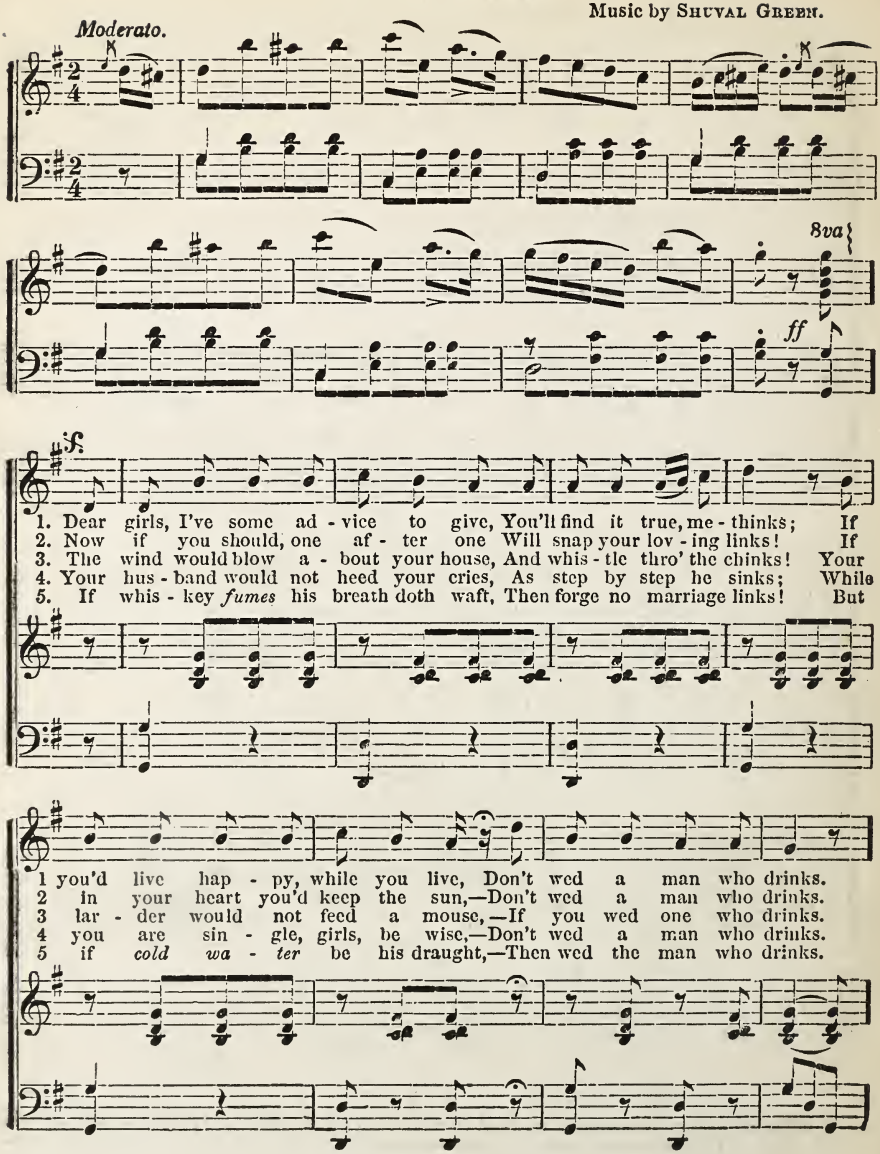
Crash.

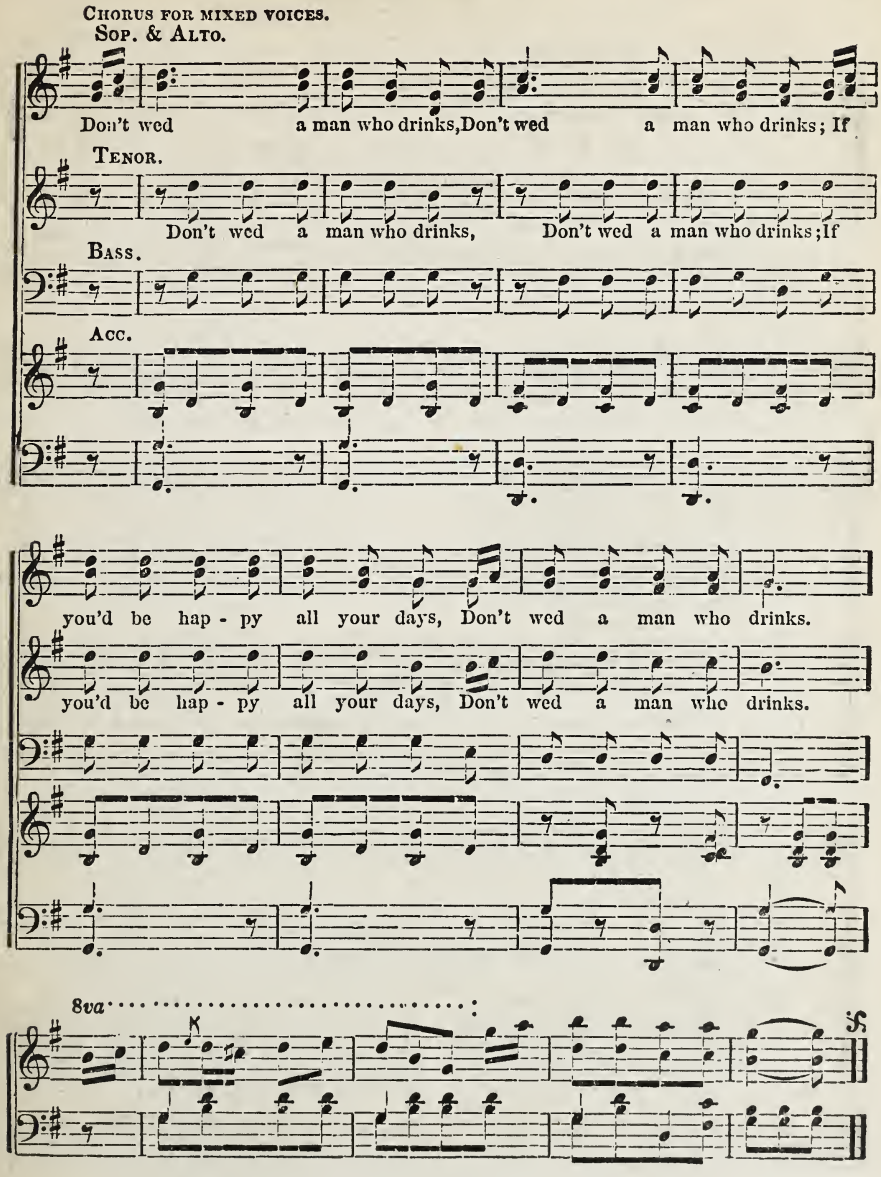
* *When the passage commencing at Presto is played on the Violin, it should be played alternately from the D to the A string, and the bowing played as marked, to give the required effect.* AUTHOR.

DON'T WED A MAN WHO DRINKS.

AIR.—*The Widow Bedott.*

Music by SHUVAL GREEN.




Chorus for mixed voices.
Sop. & Alto.
Don't wed a man who drinks, Don't wed a man who drinks; If
Tenor.
Don't wed a man who drinks, Don't wed a man who drinks; If
Bass.
Acc.
you'd be hap - py all your days, Don't wed a man who drinks.
you'd be hap - py all your days, Don't wed a man who drinks.
8va

O, CUP OF SPARKLING CRYSTAL!

QUARTET & CHORUS, FOR MIXED VOICES.

AIR.—"*O, let me kiss the Baby.*"

WILL S. HAYS.

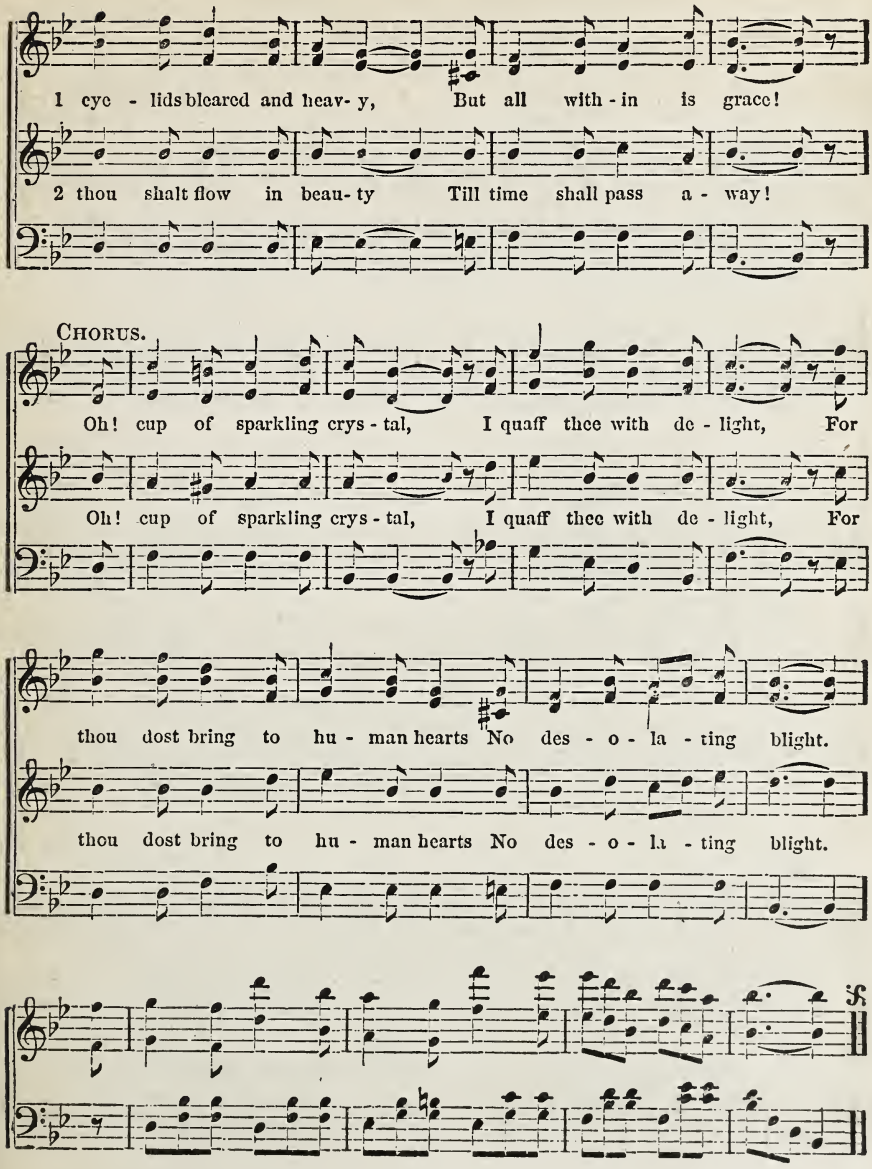
Andantino.

f.

1. Oh, cup of sparkling crys - tal, I see with - in thee beam The
2. Oh, cup of sparkling crys - tal, I drain thee to the brim! Thou

1 light of love and beau - ty, And hopes that fond - ly gleam! Thy
2 bring - est health and ro - ses To cheeks so wan and dim. The

1 clear and shin - ing mir - ror Re - flects no sul - len face, No
2 tru - ly good and no - ble Will bless thee day by day, And


1 eye - lids bleared and heav- y, But all with - in is grace!
2 thou shalt flow in beau- ty Till time shall pass a - way!
CHORUS.
Oh! cup of sparkling crys - tal, I quaff thee with de - light, For
Oh! cup of sparkling crys - tal, I quaff thee with de - light, For
thou dost bring to hu - man hearts No des - o - la - ting blight.
thou dost bring to hu - man hearts No des - o - la - ting blight.

QUARTET FOR MALE VOICES.

J. L. Hatton.

mf Moderato.

1. I know the wine - cup's fair to see, Take care! Take care! It
2. It glit - ters like a gold - en crown, Take care! Take care! To
3. There's pain and woe in the wine-cup's hue, Take care! Take care! And
4. It shines like a jew - el bright and fair, Take care! Take care! It

mf

p

1 can both false and friend - ly be, Be - ware! Be - ware!
2 dark -ness it will drag thee down, Be - ware! Be - ware!
3 it will prove no friend to thee, Be - ware! Be - ware!
4 is a fool's cap for thee to wear, Be - ware! Be - ware!

p

p *cres.*

1 Trust it not, it will ru - in thee, Trust it not, it will ru - in thee!
2 Trust it not, it will ru - in thee, Trust it not, it will ru - in thee!
3 Trust it not, it will ru - in thee, Trust it not, it will ru - in thee!
4 Trust it not, it is fool - ing thee, Trust it not, it will ru - in thee!

p *cres.*

QUARTET FOR MIXED VOICES.

J. L. HATTON.

p SOP. & ALTO.

1. I know the wine - cup's fair to see, Take care! Take care! It
2. It glit - ters like a gold - en crown, Take care! Take care! To

TENOR.

3. There's pain and woe in the wine-cup's hue, Take care! Take care! And
4. It shines like a jew - el bright and fair, Take care! Take care! It

p BASS.

1 can both false and friend - ly be, Be - ware! Be - ware!
2 dark -ness it will drag thee down, Be - ware! Be - ware!

3 it will prove no friend to thee, Be - ware! Be - ware!
4 is a fool's cap for thee to wear, Be - ware! Be - ware!

p *cres.*

1 Trust it not, it will ru - in thee, Trust it not, it will ru - in thee!
2 Trust it not, it will ru - in thee, Trust it not, it will ru - in thee!

3 Trust it not, it will ru - in thee, Trust it not, it will ru - in thee!
4 Trust it not, it is fool - ing thee, Trust it not, it will ru - in thee!

p *cres.*

TAKE CARE! COMRADE.

QUARTET FOR MIXED VOICES.

MRS. MOUNSEY BARTHOLOMEW.

SOP. *Animato.*

1. Com-rade, wouldst thou hap - py be? Take care! Take care!
2. When they point un - to the wine, Take care! Take care!
3. Should they tempt you on to drink, Take care! Take care!

f ALTO.

take care! take care!

f TENOR.

1. Com-rade, wouldst thou hap - py be?
2. When they point un - to the wine,
3. Should they tempt you on to drink,

take care! take care!

BASS.

take care! take care, Shun the Death with- See be-

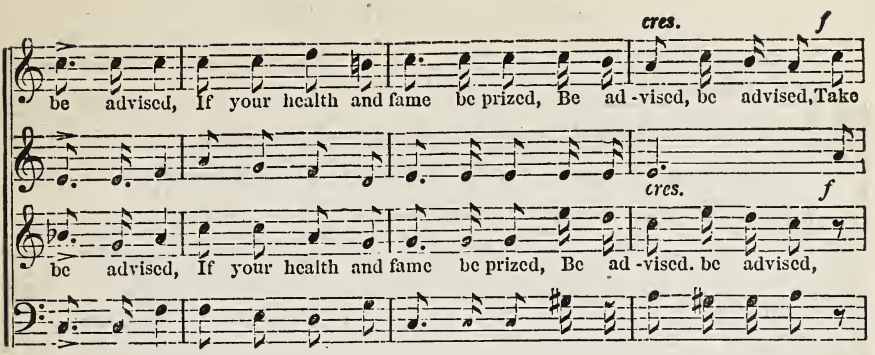
1 Shun the cup that tempteth thee, Beware! beware! Trusting comrade,
2 Death with-in its glance doth shine, Beware! beware!
3 See be - fore you ru - in's brink, Beware! beware!

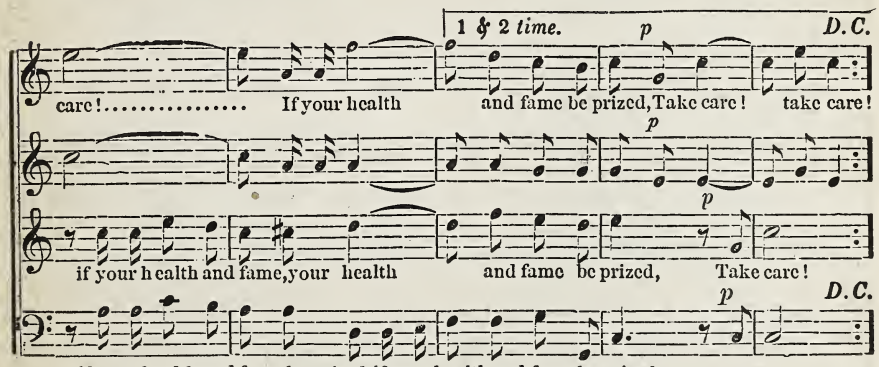
be - ware, beware, take care,

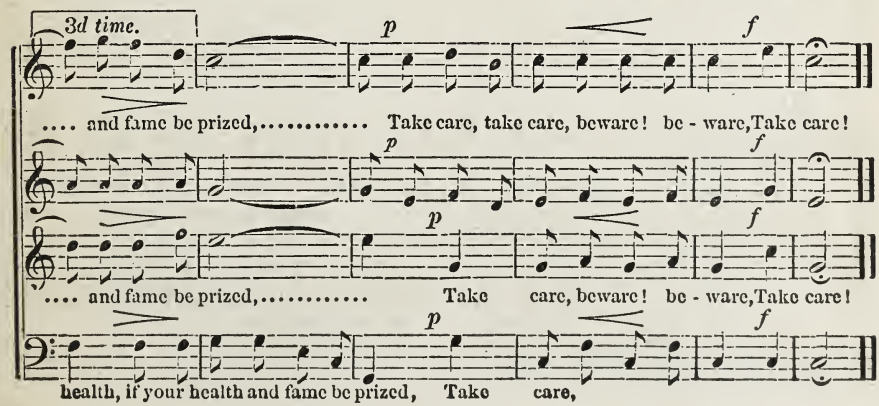
1 Shun the cup that tempteth thee, Beware!
2 Death with-in its glance doth shine, Beware!
3 See be - fore you ru - in's brink, Beware!

beware! take care, Trusting comrade,

cup that be-ware, take care!
- in its
-fore you


cres.
f
be advised, If your health and fame be prized, Be ad-vised, be advised, Take
cres.
f
be advised, If your health and fame be prized, Be ad-vised. be advised,


1 & 2 time.
p
D.C.
care!..... If your health and fame be prized, Take care! take care!
p
p
if your health and fame, your health and fame be prized, Take care!
p
D.C.
if your health and fame be prized, if your health and fame be prized,


3d time.
p
f
.... and fame be prized,..... Take care, take care, beware! be-ware, Take care!
p
f
p
f
.... and fame be prized,..... Take care, beware! be-ware, Take care!
p
f
health, if your health and fame be prized, Take care,

QUARTET FOR MIXED VOICES.

CIRO PINSUTI.

Andante cantabile.

pp SOP. & ALTO. *cres*

Good night, good night, dear com -rades, Our la - bors now are done, good

TENOR.

Good night, good night, dear com -rades, Our la - bors now are done, good

pp BASS. *cres.*

f *p* *sf* *pp un poco rit.*

night, good night, dear comrades, Our la -bors now are done, Our la-bors now are done.

f *p* *sf* *pp un poco rit.*

night, good night, dear comrades, Our la -bors now are done, Our la-bors now are done.

f *p* *sf* *pp un poco rit.*

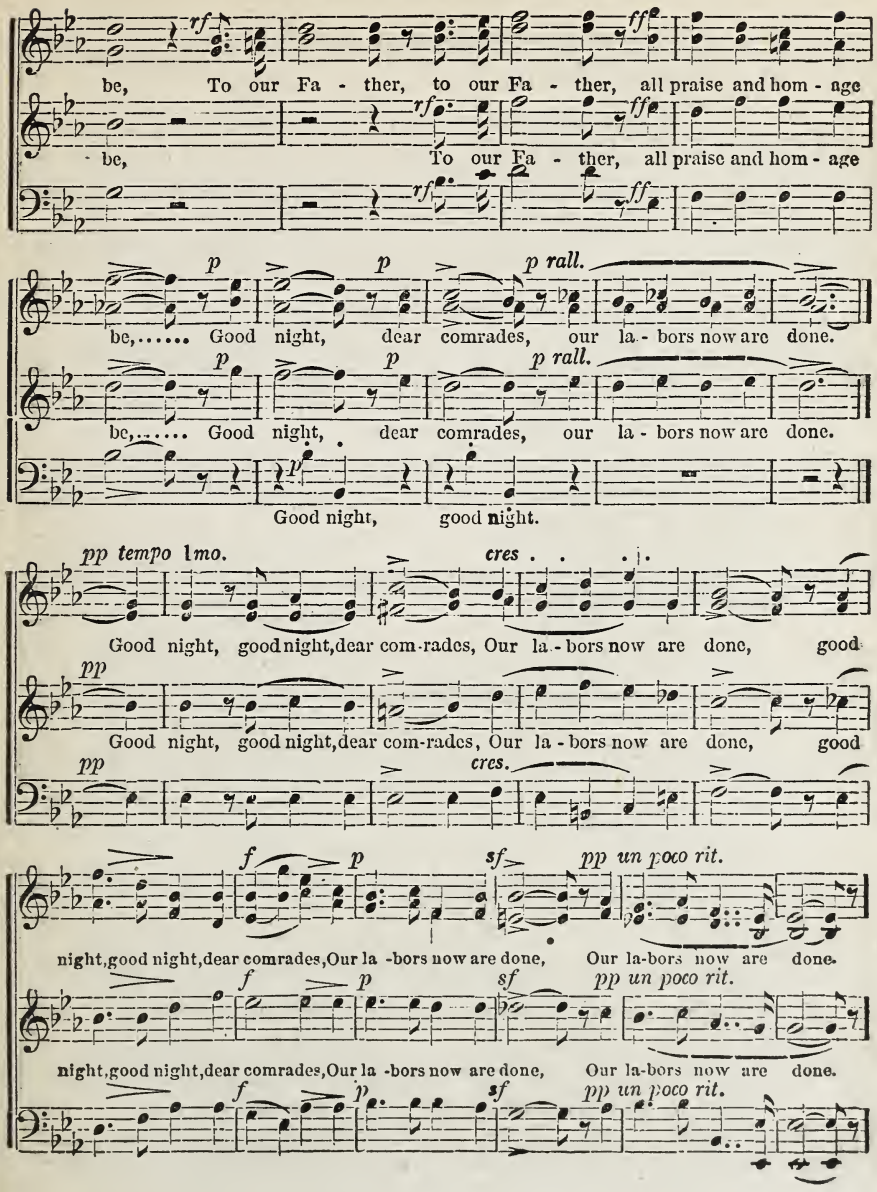
f risoluto. *cres.* *f*

To our Fa - ther, To our Fa - ther, all praise and hom - age

cres. *f*

To our Fa - ther, all praise and hom - age

cres. *f*


rf
ff
be, To our Fa - ther, to our Fa - ther, all praise and hom - age
be, To our Fa - ther, all praise and hom - age
p
p rall.
be,..... Good night, dear comrades, our la - bors now are done.
be,..... Good night, dear comrades, our la - bors now are done.
Good night, good night.
pp tempo 1mo.
cres
Good night, good night, dear com-rades, Our la - bors now are done, good
Good night, good night, dear com-rades, Our la - bors now are done, good
pp
cres.
f
sf
pp un poco rit.
night, good night, dear comrades, Our la -bors now are done, Our la-bors now are done.
night, good night, dear comrades, Our la -bors now are done, Our la-bors now are done.

dolce con grazia.

a tempo.

Oh keep us true and faith - ful, Un - to our pledge each day,

a tempo.

Oh keep us true and faith - ful, Un - to our pledge each day, *p*

Oh

pp

May we not go as - tray. Good night, dear

pp

May we not go as - tray. Good night, dear

pp

keep us true and faith-ful.

rall. *molto ritenuto.*

comrades, Our faith we'll keep, And our cause shall nev- er sleep.

comrades, Our faith we'll keep, And our cause shall nev- er sleep.

rall.

Our pledge and faith we'll keep,

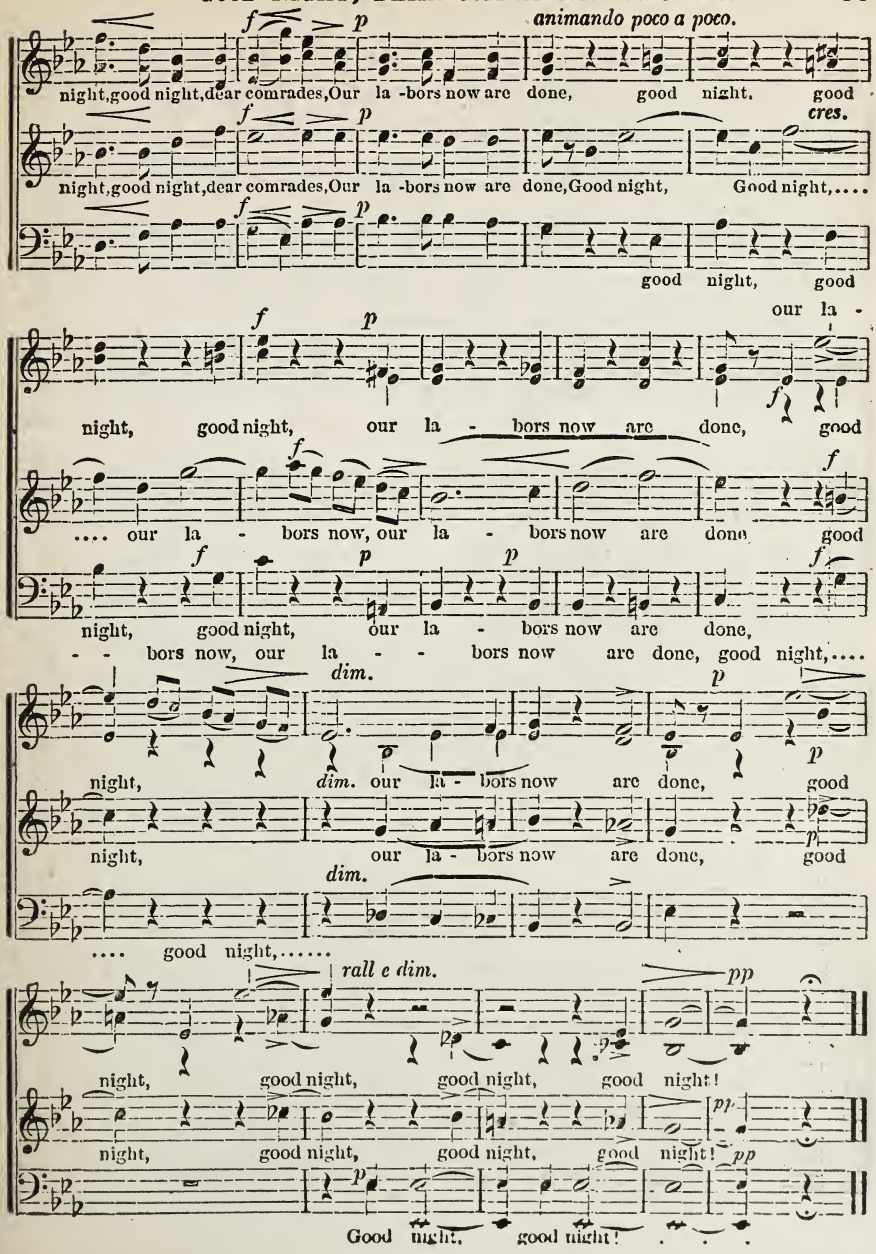
pp tempo 1mo. *cres*

Good night, good night, dear com-rades, Our la - bors now are done, good

pp

Good night, good night, dear com-rades, Our la - bors now are done, good

pp *cres.*


animando poco a poco.
night, good night, dear comrades, Our la - bors now are done, good night, good
night, good night, dear comrades, Our la - bors now are done, Good night, Good night, ...
cres.
good night, good
our la -
night, good night, our la - bors now are done, good
.... our la - bors now, our la - bors now are done good
night, good night, our la - bors now are done,
- - bors now, our la - - bors now are done, good night, ...
dim.
night, dim. our la - bors now are done, good
night, our la - bors now are done, good
dim.
.... good night, ...
rall e dim.
night, good night, good night, good night!
night, good night, good night, good night!
Good night, good night!

O, HUSH THEE, MY DARLING.

QUARTET FOR MIXED VOICES.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

SOP. & ALTO.

p 1. Oh hush thee, my dar - ling, thy fa - ther's a - way, Thy
f 2. Oh fear not the tem - pest tho' loud - ly it blows, Thy

TENOR.

p 1. Oh hush thee, my dar - ling, thy fa - ther's a - way, Thy
f 2. Oh fear not the tem - pest tho' loud - ly it blows, Thy

BASS.

cres. *dim.*

1 moth - er is wait - ing the dawn of the day, the dawn of the
2 moth - er shall lull thee to peace - ful re - pose, to peace - ful re -

1 moth - er is wait - ing the dawn of the day, the dawn of the
2 moth - er shall lull thee to peace - ful re - pose, to peace - ful re -

cres. *dim.*

the dawn of the
to peace- ful re -

And thy
And the

p

1 day; The night it is cold, and no fire, dear, have we,
2 - pose; The lights of the tav - ern are gleam - ing so red,

p

1 day; The night it is cold, and no fire, dear, have we,
2 - pose; The lights of the tav - ern are gleam - ing so red,

p

1 fa - ther cares not for
2 steps of thy fa - ther have

f

1 Fa - ther cares not for dar - ling nor me, And thy fa - ther
2 And thy fa - ther has thith - er - ward sped, And the steps of thy

1 Fa - ther cares not for dar - ling nor me, And thy fa - ther
2 And thy fa - ther has thith - er - ward sped, And the steps of thy

pp *p*

1 cares not for dar - ling nor me! O, hush thee, my dar - ling, O,
2 fa - ther have thith - er - ward sped. O, hush, &c.

pp

1 cares not for dar - ling nor me! O, hush thee, my dar- ling, O,
2 fa - ther have thith - er - ward sped. O, hush, &c.

pp *p*

hush..... thee, my dar - - - - ling.

hush thee, my dar - ling, O, hush thee, my dar - ling.

hush thee, my dar - ling, O, hush thee, my dar - ling.

p

O hush thee, my dar - ling, the time soon will come, When we no more will

p

O hush thee, my dar - ling, the time soon will come, When we no more will

p

gaze on the hav - oc of rum, the hav - oc of rum! Then

gaze on the hav - oc of rum, the hav - oc of rum! Then

the hav - oc

cres.

hush thee, my dar - ling, take rest while you may, For grief comes with

cres.

hush thee, my dar - ling, take rest while you may, For grief.....

cres.

grief comes with

dim.

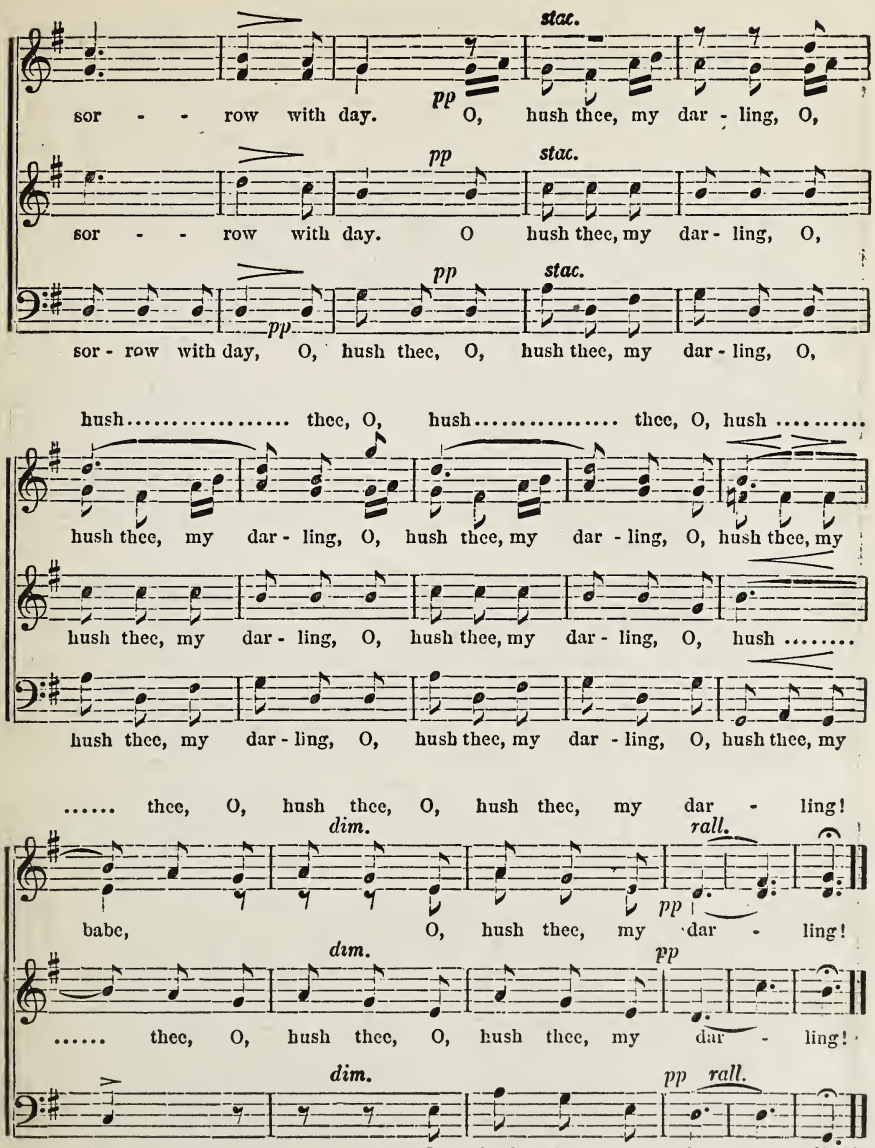
morn - ing, and sor - row with day, For grief comes with morn - ing, and

dim.

..... comes with morn - ing, For grief comes with morn - ing and

dim.

morn - ing and sor - row with day, For grief comes with morn - ing and


stac.
pp
sor - - row with day. O, hush thee, my dar - ling, O,
pp
stac.
sor - - row with day. O hush thee, my dar - ling, O,
pp
stac.
pp
sor - row with day, O, hush thee, O, hush thee, my dar - ling, O,
hush..... thee, O, hush..... thee, O, hush .....
hush thee, my dar - ling, O, hush thee, my dar - ling, O, hush thee, my
hush thee, my dar - ling, O, hush thee, my dar - ling, O, hush .....
hush thee, my dar - ling, O, hush thee, my dar - ling, O, hush thee, my
..... thee, O, hush thee, O, hush thee, my dar - ling!
dim.
rall.
pp
babe, O, hush thee, my dar - ling!
dim.
pp
..... thee, O, hush thee, O, hush thee, my dar - ling!
dim.
pp rall.
babe, O, hush thee, my dar - - ling!

WHEN DUSKY TWILIGHT GATHERS ROUND.

QUARTET FOR MIXED VOICES.

J. L. Hatton.

Sop. *Andante.* *p*

When dus - ky twi - light gath - ers round; When ev - 'ry flow'r is

Alto. *p*

Tenor. *p*

When dus - ky twi- light gath - ers round; When ev - 'ry flow'r is

Bass. *p*

hush'd to rest; When au - tumn leaves breathe not a sound, And

hush'd to rest; When au - tumn leaves breathe not a sound, And

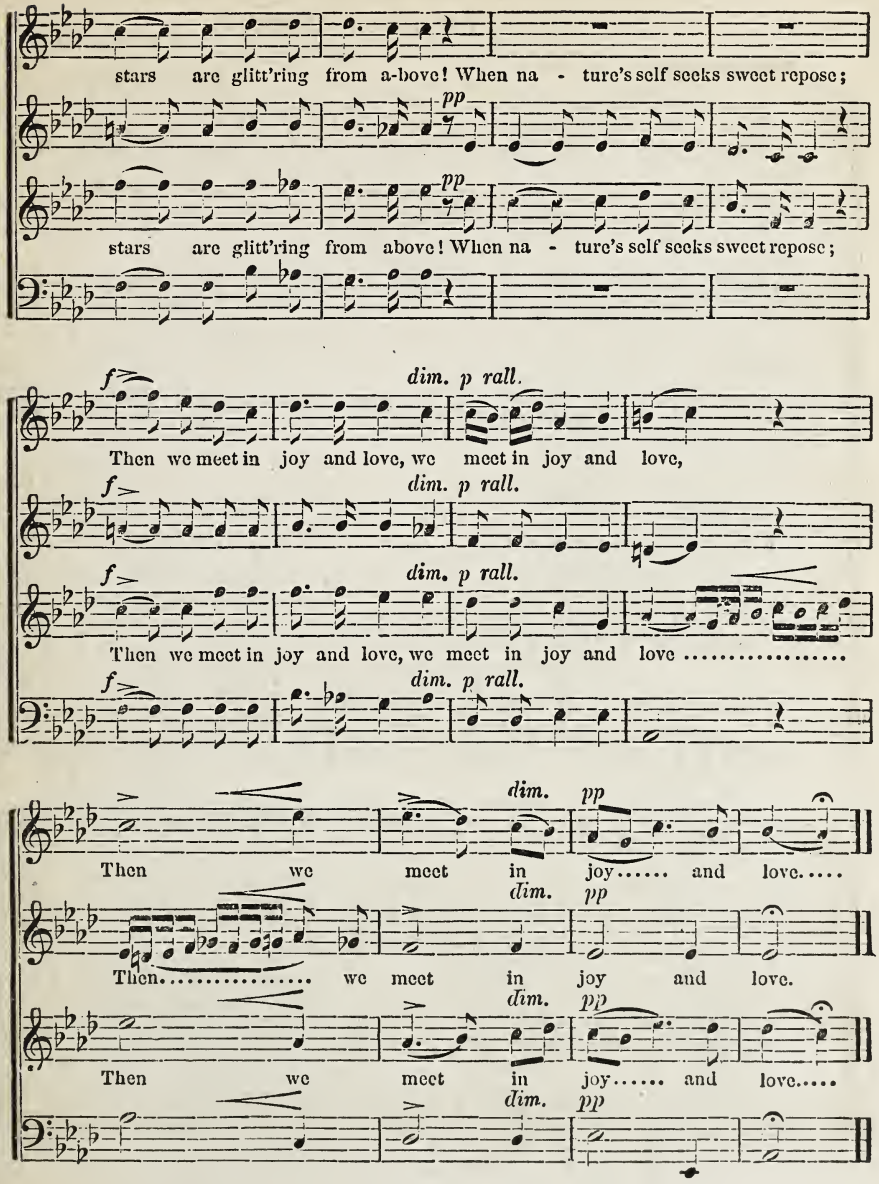
pp *mf*

ev - 'ry bird flies to its nest; When dew - drops kiss the blush- ing rose, When

pp *mf*

ev - 'ry bird flies to its nest; When

mf


stars are glitt'ring from a-bove! When na - ture's self seeks sweet repose;
pp
stars are glitt'ring from above! When na - ture's self seeks sweet repose;
f
dim. p rall.
Then we meet in joy and love, we meet in joy and love,
f
dim. p rall.
f
dim. p rall.
Then we meet in joy and love, we meet in joy and love .....
f
dim. p rall.
dim. pp
Then we meet in joy..... and love.....
dim. pp
Then..... we meet in joy and love.
dim. pp
Then we meet in joy..... and love.....
dim. pp

MY POOR HEAD WAS SAD WITH ITS ACHING.

AIR.—*My poor Heart is sad with its Dreaming.*

SONG AND CHORUS. (*Ad lib.*)

Moderato con espress. T. BRIGHAM BISHOP.

mp

1. My poor head was sad with its ach - ing,.... It throbb'd like an en - gine each
2. With sad heart I think of the "pleas-ure,"... The pleas-ure, in- deed, of the

1 day,..... The tongue in my mouth it seem'd ba - king.... But
2 "spree,".... That bore from me all of my treas - ure, ... And

ad lib.

1 now it has all pass'd a - way;..... To whis- key and gin I'm a
2 left me in wild mis - er - y!..... So a- way with foul rum, for I'll

1 stran-ger,.... The pledge I have ta-ken, my friend, And now I've a coat on my
2 nev- er..... A "sot" and a "to- per" be named; And my pledge I will keep it for-

ritard ad lib.

1 shoul- ders, ... And a pen - ny or two I can lend!.....
2 -ev - er, ... And of Tem - per - ance ne'er be a - shamed!....

With Chorus ad lib, or sing twice, 1st Solo, then repeat with Chorus.

SOP. & ALTO.

My poor head was sad with its ach - ing,..... And it

TENOR & BASS.

throbb'd like an en - gine each day; No poi - son - ous li - quors I'm

ad lib.

tak - ing, ... And now all my pains are a - way. .....

THE FIRST GLASS.

AIR.—"*I've a kiss for you, Charlie.*"

SONG AND CHORUS. (*Ad lib.*)

DANKS.

Allegretto.

mf *cres.* *ff* *mf*

f.

1. Don't be tempt-ed, my broth-er, to take the first drink! For that has oft bro't men to
2. Don't be tempt-ed, my broth-er, to take the first drink! From that to the downward path

1 mis- er - y's brink; The fair one who pours out the bright wine for you, Can
2 ma - ny may sink; The wine, it may spar- kle in beau - te - ous light, But

1 hard - ly be- lieve all the harm it may do! The first step is al- ways the
2 man- hood, or soon - er or la - ter, 'twill blight! When fair hands would of-fer the

1 one that may lead To ru - in and darkness, whence none may re - cede!
2 cup ere you go, Have cour - age, my broth - er, to bold - ly say, "No!"

1st time Solo, 2d time Chorus.

SOP. & ALTO.

1 The first drink has led to de- struc-tion and death The brightest and fairest that
2 Don't tri - fle, my friend, with the vi - per a - sleep In the depth of the wine cup so

TENOR.

1 The first drink has led to de- struc-tion and death The brightest and fairest that
2 Don't tri - fle, my friend, with the vi - per a - sleep In the depth of the wine cup so

BASS.

1 ev - er drew breath!
2 ro - sy and deep!

ACC.

1 ev - er drew breath!
2 ro - sy and deep!

KING WHISKEY.

AIR.—*The King of the Cannibal Islands.*

SONG AND CHORUS.

Lively. Arranged with Piano Accompaniment by W. D. RAPHAELSON.

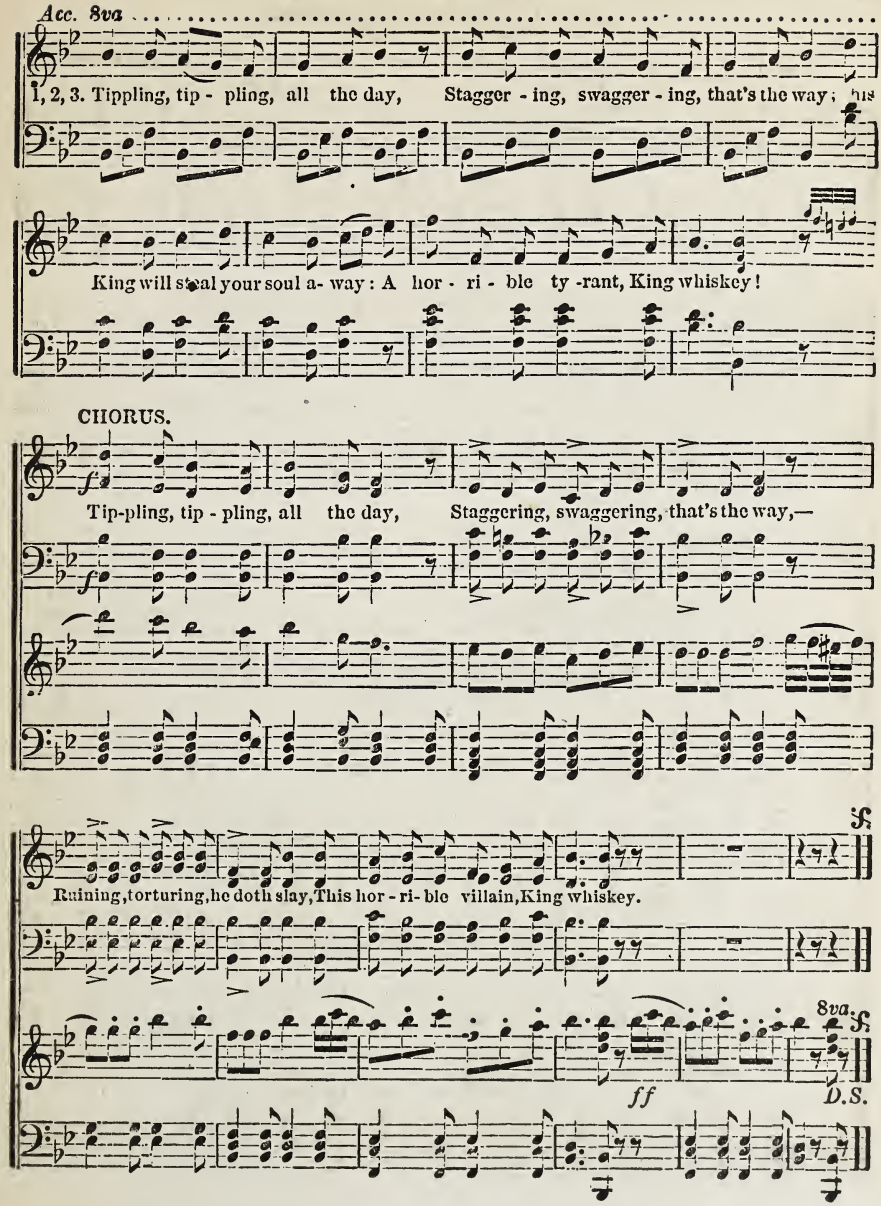
f

1. Oh, there's a bold and wick - ed King, And of his might I'd like to sing, His
2. His throne it is a bar - rel high, His win- ning ways are ver - y sly; To
3. But there's a sure and hap - py way Of get - ting far beyond his sway: Just

1 tat - tered subjects round him cling: This ter - ri - ble King it is whis- key!
2 make you drink he'll al - ways try: This hor - ri - ble fel- low, King whis- key!
3 stick to wa - ter ev - 'ry day, And nev - er be tempt-ed by whis- key!

1 He makes his peo - ple wild - ly rave, And binds them, ev- 'ry one, his slave; He
2 And if you ev - er yield to him, You'll shake with cold in ev - 'ry limb, From
3 Your pock - ets then will keep their store, The hearts at home will ne'er be sore: Oh,

1 drags them downward to the grave: This ver - y art - ful, vi - cious King!
2 want, your eyes will soon grow dim: Oh, he's a brave, de-stroy - ing King!
3 be a man un - to the core, And help to slay this wi - ly King!


Acc. 8va
1, 2, 3. Tippling, tip - pling, all the day, Stagger - ing, swagger - ing, that's the way; his
King will steal your soul a- way: A hor - ri - ble ty -rant, King whiskey!
CHORUS.
Tip-pling, tip - pling, all the day, Staggering, swaggering, that's the way,—
Ruining, torturing, he doth slay, This hor - ri- ble villain, King whiskey.
8va.
ff
D.S.

SAY YOU'LL FORGIVE ME ONCE MORE.

AIR.—*Call me your darling again.*

SONG AND CHORUS FOR MIXED VOICES.

JAMES E. STEWART.

Moderato. *p* *f* *rit.*

mz a tempo.

1. Oh! say you'll forgive me once more,..... In tones that are ten-der and
2. Oh! say you'll forgive me once more,..... And now let us ban-ish the

mz a tempo.

mz

1 true,..... And say that you're lov-ing me still,..... And
2 past,..... I've tak-en the pledge, darling one,..... And

mz

f *rit.* *mz a tempo.*

1 tell me I'm dearest to you;..... I care not for past days of
2 now I am happy at last;..... Oh! tell me you now will for-

f *rit.* *mz a tempo.*

mf

1 sor - row, No lon - ger a drunkard I'll be;..... I'll
2 -give me, While press -ing me close to your heart,..... Oh!

mf

p *f* *rit.*

1 hope for a brighter to- morrow, When I shall be dearest to thee.
2 kiss me and call me your darling, And say, nev - er more shall we part.

p *f* *rit.*

CHORUS.
SOP. & ALTO.

mf

Say you'll for-give (me / him) once more, In tones that are ten -der and true; And

TENOR.

Say you'll forgive (me / him) once more, In tones that are ten -der and true; And

BASS.

mf *f* *D.C.*

say that you're lov-ing (me / him) still,.... And tell (me / him I'm / He's) dearest to you.....

say that you're lov-ing (me / him) still,.... And tell (me / him I'm / He's) dearest to you....

mf *f*

OUR FOES.

AIR.—*Dublin Bay.*

SONG AND CHORUS.

Andante con spirito.

GEO. BARKER.

p

1. Our foes as - sail us on ev' - ry hand, They're
2. Our sons and daugh - ters in dan - ger stand, We

1 marshalled in hea - vy force! But we'll meet them here as a
2 nev - er the fight shall yield, At each tav - ern door of our

1 gal - lant band, And hin - der their head - long course. They are
2 might - y land, There li - eth our bat - tle field. We will

1 whis - key, gin and a hundred more That are fighting for the wrong; But we'll
2 con - quer, now, as we march in pride, For we nev - er will give up,.... Till we

1 drive to earth, ere day is o'er, Each fiend, for we are strong.
2 dash to earth, in blood- red tide, The soul - de - stroy - ing cup.

Chorus.

Oh, we are the van of the temp'rance clan, And the no -ble fight we'll win! For we're

Oh, we are the van of the temp'rance clan, And the no -ble fight we'll win! For we're

sworn to chain and o - ver throw Deadly whis - key, wine and gin.

sworn to chain and o - ver throw Deadly whis - key, wine and gin.

THE CRYSTAL RIVER.

To be played in moderate time, but with great variation, according to the sentiment of the words.

Tempo di Mazurka.

HAMILTON AIDE.

f

1. Its waves are fair and cv - er bright, 'Tis sent to earth from Heaven; It
2. Oh, by its side our daughters fair, Are reared in love and beauty; Our

1 shares its boun - ty with delight, Sweet boon to mor - tals given! Sweet
2 no - ble sons, around us there, Grow up to loy - al duty. Oh,

a little slower.

1 temp'rance is the name it bears, Oh, may it on - ward flowing,
2 stretch thy bil - lows o'er the world, Thy cur - rent ne'er sub - sid - ing,

original time.

1 flowing, Wash far a-way the wicked snares That Rum is round us throwing, Wash
2 never, Till ev' -ry foe is downward hurled, No more thy strength deriding; Till

with expression.

1 far a - way the wicked snares That Rum is round us throwing.
2 ev' - ry foe is downward hurled, No more thy strength de - riding.

CHO.
SOP. & ALTO.

Its waves are fair and ev - er bright, 'Tis sent to earth from heaven, It

TENOR.

Its waves are fair and ev - er bright, 'Tis sent to earth from heaven, It

BASS.

rit. *D.C.*

shares its boun - ty with delight, Sweet boon to mor- tals giv - en.

shares its boun - ty with delight, Sweet boon to mor- tals giv - en.

DINNA FORGET YER PROMISE, JAMIE.

AIR.—*Dinna forget yer mither, Sandie.*

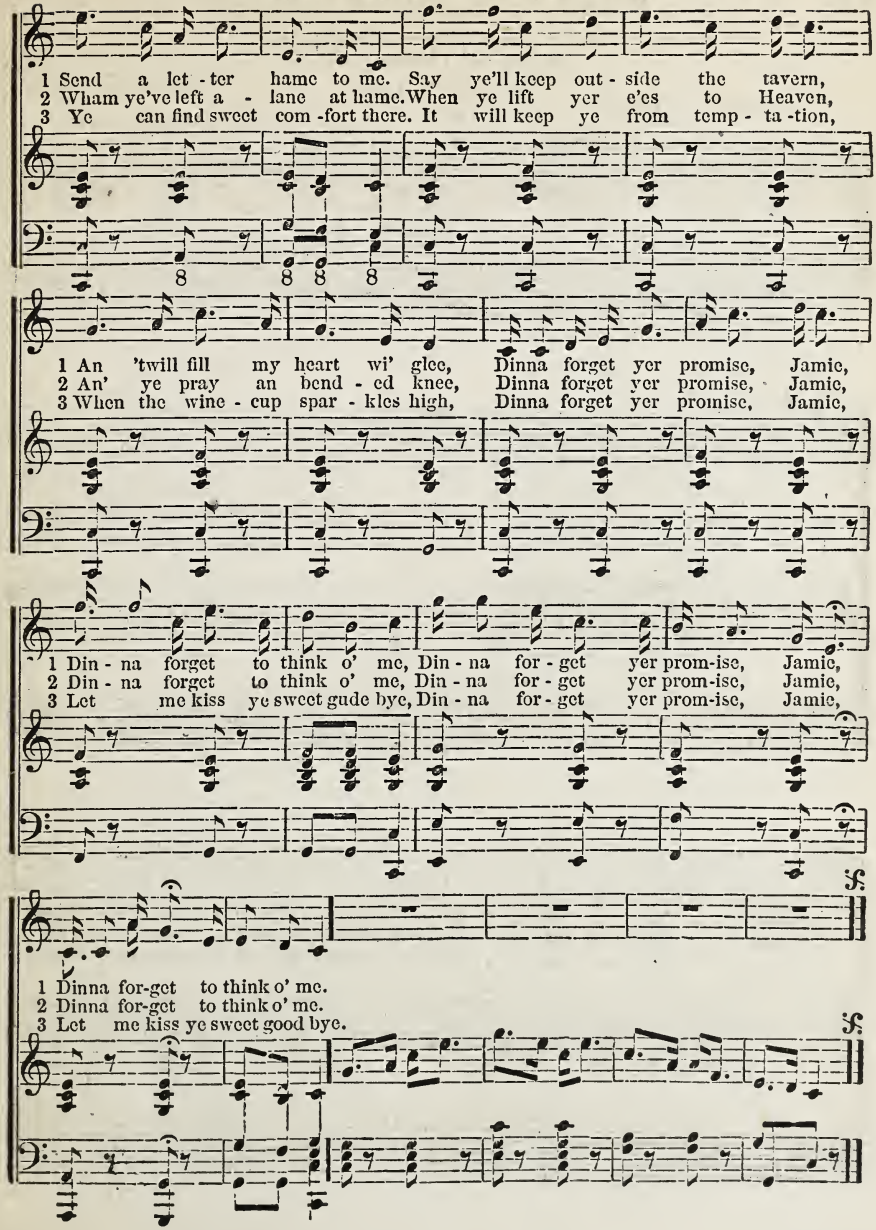
SCOTCH BALLAD

WILL S. HAYS.

Tempo moderato e ad libitum.

1. Gude bye Ja - mie, take my bless -in',
2. When ye're far a - wa' an' lane -ly,
3. Take the gude book which I gi'e - ye,

1 God be wi' ye an the sea, When ye've crossed the storm - y o - ccan,
2 Folks will ask fro' whence ye cam, Din - na for - get yer poor auld mith-er,
3 It will guide ye ev' - ry where, When ye're sick or when ye're troubled,


1 Send a let - ter hame to me. Say ye'll keep out - side the tavern,
2 Wham ye've left a - lane at hame. When ye lift yer e'es to Heaven,
3 Ye can find sweet com - fort there. It will keep ye from temp - ta - tion,
1 An 'twill fill my heart wi' glee, Dinna forget yer promise, Jamie,
2 An' ye pray an bend - ed knee, Dinna forget yer promise, Jamie,
3 When the wine - cup spar - kles high, Dinna forget yer promise, Jamie,
1 Din - na forget to think o' me, Din - na for - get yer prom-ise, Jamie,
2 Din - na forget to think o' me, Din - na for - get yer prom-ise, Jamie,
3 Let me kiss ye sweet gude bye, Din - na for - get yer prom-ise, Jamie,
1 Dinna for-get to think o' me.
2 Dinna for-get to think o' me.
3 Let me kiss ye sweet good bye.

SONG AND CHORUS (*ad lib.*)

Music by CLARIBEL.

Moderato con espress.

p

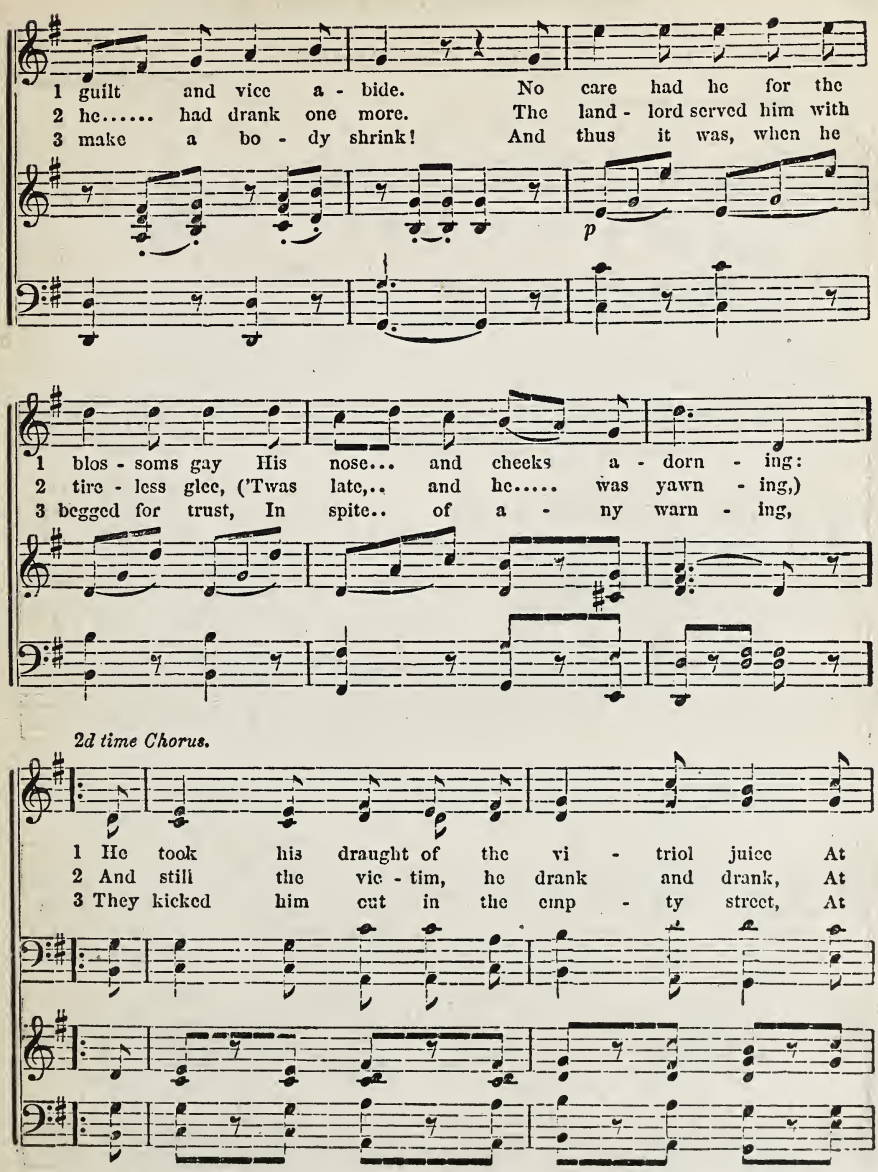
f

1. The lights were bright at the tav - ern bar, The shouts were merry in-
2. The land - lord grinn'd as he got his cash, And count - ed, smiling, his
3. At last, each pen - ny he had was gone, And still he long'd for

f

p

side, And the thirst - y drunkard his way he took, Where
store; For the thirst - y drunkard would nev - er stop Till
drink; Though a hast - y look at his light - house nose Would


1 guilt and vice a - bide. No care had he for the
2 he..... had drank one more. The land - lord served him with
3 make a bo - dy shrink! And thus it was, when he
p
1 blos - soms gay His nose... and cheeks a - dorn - ing:
2 tire - less glee, ('Twas late,.. and he..... was yawn - ing,)
3 begged for trust, In spite.. of a - ny warn - ing,
2d time Chorus.
1 He took his draught of the vi - triol juice At
2 And still the vic - tim, he drank and drank, At
3 They kicked him out in the emp - ty street, At

1 three o' - clock in the morn - ing, He took his draught of the
2 three o' - clock in the morn - ing, And still the vic - tim he
3 three o' - clock in the morn - ing, They kick'd him out in the

cres.

repeat with Chorus.

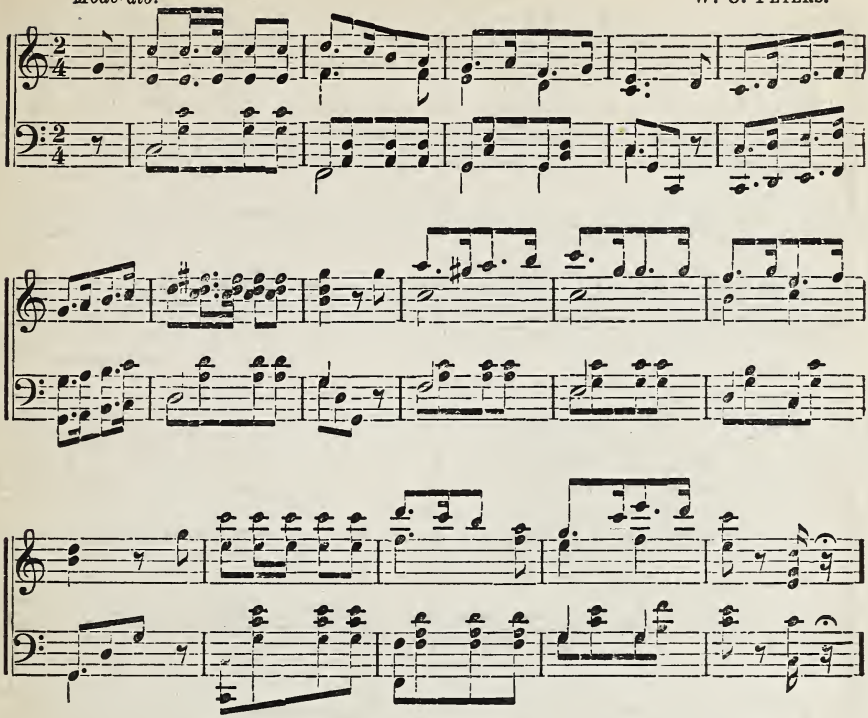
1 vi - triol juice, At three o' - clock in the morn - ing.
2 drank and drank At three o' - clock in the morn - ing.
3 emp - ty street, At three o' - clock in the morn - ing.

rit. *dim.* *mf*

tr *dim.*

QUARTET FOR MIXED VOICES.

Moderato. W. C. PETERS.



SOP. & ALTO.

f.

1. A song for the brave old Temp'rance tree, That is bear - ing good - ly fruit! Its
2. A cheer for the might- y Temp'rance tree, That will nev - er - more de - cay! Its
3. Suc - cess to the no - ble Temp'rance tree, May its leaves be ev - er green! Wher-

TENOR.

BASS.

1 bless - ings ev - 'ry - where we see; We praise it, branch and root. We'll
2 praise we'll sound o'er land and sea, Till time shall pass a - way. Be-
3 -e'er its branch - es we may see, No mis - er - y is seen! 'Tis

1 plant it wher - ev - er rum shops are In our na - tive land so fair, 'Till its
2 -neath it our hap- py homes we rear, And we love its cool - ing shade; All our
3 wa- ter'd with tears of chil - dren pale, And of moth - ers wan and lone; May it

1 no - ble branch- es spread a - far On the gold - en sun - ny air!
2 cares and trou - bles dis - ap - pear In the joy that it has made!
3 long out - last the win - t'ry blast, May its bless- ings be your own!

REFRAIN. CHORUS.

Oh, we'll gath - er round the Temp'rance tree, And sing our songs of joy, Till the

Oh, we'll gath - er round the Temp'rance tree, And sing our songs of joy, Till the

vi - per that is in the cup, Shall no more de - stroy! Till the

vi - per that is in the cup, Shall no more de - stroy! Till the

vi - per that is in the cup, Shall no more de - stroy!

vi - per that is in the cup, Shall no more de - stroy!

8va

VILE WINE-CUP, I NE'ER CAN FORGET THEE.

AIR.—*Oh! Dearest, I ne'er can forget Thee.*

SONG AND CHORUS.

Melody by J. OFFENBACH.

Andante.

1. Vile wine-cup, I ne'er can for-get thee, Tho' we lin-ger so long a- part; Dark
2. Thy sweet voice it lured me to sor - row, That will wake to no joy a- gain; There's

1 tron- ble and sor - row be -set me, When thou wert the friend of my heart! Of
2 woe in each glance that we bor - row, From thee to en-liv - en our pain! Vile

1 thee ev - er- more I was dream- ing, Thy glance was the joy of my life! .... The
2 wine- cup, I ev - er shall doubt thee! Oh, sad was the day we did meet; ... Oh,

1 smile on thy cheek was but fleet - ing, And left me in sor - row and strife....
2 sweet is my path- way with-out thee! And life with-out thee is com - plete! ..

REFRAIN OR CHORUS.

So, wine-cup, I ne'er can for- get thee, Tho' I now pass thee coldly by,... I...

So, wine-cup, I ne'er can for- get thee, Tho' I now pass thee coldly by,... I...

curse the dark hour that I met thee; Thy pow'r ev-er-more I de - fy.....

curse the dark hour that I met thee; Thy pow'r ev-er-more I de - fy.....

GOOD BYE TO DRINK.

AIR.—*Good bye, Old Home.*

QUARTET FOR MALE VOICES.

HAYS.

Andantino.

1. Good bye to drink; Glad is my heart, To think that for-ev-er to-night we must part; Grate-ful I leave thee, my heart is in joy, To
2. Good bye to drink; Out on life's sea, Mine eyes will grow bright-er un-fettered by thee; Think of the joys of Temp'rance in store! I
3. Good bye to drink; Tears fill mine eyes, To think how it sev-ered af-fec-tion-ate ties; Lost me the love of the friends I lov'd true, Who

1 feel that your poi-son no more shall de-stroy. O scenes of temp-ta-tion, for-ever adieu, Ne'er will my mem-o-ry wan-der to you!.....
2 smile when I think that thy bond-age is o'er. I'll miss not the sound of the rev-el-ing crew, As I now to the past and its woes bid a-dieu! For
3 sleep in their graves, who in childhood I knew; I've still one to love me, I've still one to cheer, For life now to me is by this pledge made dear!....

rit.

rit.

a tempo.

1 Tell all my lov'd ones I'm saved from the brink, For-ev - er I leave thee,
2 Once more a man will I sail from Death's brink, For-ev - er I leave thee,
3 Kept shall it be till in Death's arms I sink! For - ev - er I leave thee,

a tempo.

good bye to drink! Pledge of my heart, years may come,

good bye to drink! Pledge of my heart, years may come,

But from thy blessings no more shall I roam.... Rum, we must part, I thy

But from thy blessings no more shall I roam..... Rum, we must part, I thy

pow - er de - fy, How hap - py I bid thee, foul drink, good bye!

pow - er de - fy! How hap - py I bid thee, foul drink, good bye!

FAR AWAY FROM EARTHLY SORROW.

AIR.—*'Neath the white and purple blossoms.*

QUARTET FOR MIXED VOICES.

G. W. PERSLEY.

Moderato.

p

8va....

SOP. & ALTO.

1. 'Neath the white and purple blossoms, Blooming down the meadow wide,
2. Frown not on the drunkard's children, On his wife no sneers let fall;

TENOR.

BASS.

1 Moth - er and her lit - tle dar - lings, Now are sleeping side by side.
2 Theirs the hun-ger and the an - guish, And our Father knoweth all!

1 Where the summer breez-es mur mur Sol - emn dir - ges all the day,
2 Thro' the day the rob - ins guard them, And at night, the whip-poor-will;

1 And the dai-sies seem in mourn - ing, There each pal-lid form we lay.
2 Gone from him who should have shield-ed, They are sleeping, sleeping still.

'Neath the white and pur - ple blossoms, Blooming down the meadow wide,

'Neath the white and pur - ple blossoms, Blooming down the meadow wide,

D.C.

Far a - way from earth-ly sor - row, They are sleep- ing side by side.

Far a - way from earth-ly sor - row, They are sleep- ing side by side.

D.C.

GO TAKE BY THE HAND EVERY BROTHER.

AIR.—*Come sit by my side, little darling.*

QUARTET FOR MIXED VOICES. D. S. WAMBOLD.

Andantino.

1. Go take by the hand ev' -ry brother, No matter how vile he may be; Kindly

2. Go take by the hand ev' -ry brother, And show him the way to re -form; If

rit. *a tempo.*

1 tell him in words of per - suasion, There's help for such mor -tals as he; No

2 we were so tempted, we know not How we should out- weather the storm! Oh

rit. *a tempo.*

cres. *dim.*

1 words of unkind - ness or censure, No bit - ter re - grets for the past, But a

2 show him the pathways of beauty; Where temp'rance for - ev - er doth live, The

cres. *dim.*

cres.

1 smile of for - give-ness and pleasure, To scat - ter the clouds o'er him cast. Go

2 heav-en - ly Fa -ther a - bove us, Re-ward to thy spir - it shall give. Go

cres.

take by the hand ev'-ry broth-er, To err is the fate of us all; There is

take by the hand ev'-ry broth-er, To err is the fate of us all; There is

some good in each fel-low mor-tal, No mat-ter how low he may fall.

some good in each fel-low mor-tal, No mat-ter how low he may fall.

REFRAIN CHORUS.

Go take by the hand ev'-ry brother, To err is the fate of us all; There is

Go take by the hand ev'-ry brother, To err is the fate of us all; There is

some good in each fel-low mor-tal, No mat-ter how low he may fall.

some good in each fel-low mor-tal, No mat-ter how low he may fall.

DON'T FORGET YOUR PLEDGE, MY BROTHER.

AIR.—"*Don't Forget to Write me, Darling.*"

QUARTET FOR MIXED VOICES.

J. S. COX.
HAYS.

Moderato.

1. Don't for - get your pledge, my broth-er, Prom - ise to it you'll be true;
2. Don't for - get your pledge, my broth-er, Sor - row will our hearts annoy,

1. Don't for - get your pledge, my broth-er, Prom - ise to it you'll be true;
2. Don't for - get your pledge, my broth-er, Sor - row will our hearts annoy,

1 Say you'll think of us as fond - ly, When we're far a - way from you.
2 If, al - lured by foul temp-ta - tion, You should leave the path of joy.

1 Say you'll think of us as fond - ly, When we're far a - way from you.
2 If, al - lured by foul temp-ta - tion, You should leave the path of joy.

1 We will bid you God-speed glad - ly, Think of you where'er you be;
2 When our hearts are sad and lone - ly, Sweet - est so - lace it will be;

1 We will bid you God-speed glad - ly, Think of you where'er you be;
2 When our hearts are sad and lone - ly, Sweet - est so - lace it will be;

rit.

1 Sweet 'good bye' we bid you sad - ly, Ere you cross the roll - ing

2 Know - ing that your kindness on - ly, Lin - gers in our mem-o -

rit.

a tempo.

sea!..... Don't for - get your pledge, my broth - er,

ry!..... Don't for - get,

a tempo.

Don't for - get your pledge, my broth - er,

This we know you prize most dear; We will ev - er waft un -

Don't for -get, We will ev - er waft un -

This we know you prize most dear;

- to you, ev - er waft un - to you, Sweet - est words of love and cheer.

- to you, ev - er waft un - to you, Sweet - est words of love and cheer.

LISTEN TO MY PRAYERFUL PLEADING.

AIR.—*Do not turn me from your door.*

Moderato. SONG AND MIXED CHORUS. WILL S. HAYS.

legato. *mf* *ped.* *ped.*

cres. *ped.* *ped.* *ped.* *rall.*

1. Lis - ten to my prayerful pleading, For my mother's ver - y poor;
2. Kind - ly wait, and let me tell you, That my brother's drown'd at sea,
3. Stranger, just one mo- ment lis - ten! You are rich and we are poor;

1 I have come to ask a pen- ny, Do not turn me from your door!
2 And my poor heart- bro- ken moth- er Has no children, ma'am, but me.
3 I'll go home and say to moth- er That you turn'd me from your door.

1 Moth -er's sick, and weak and fee-ble, And she sent me on the street;
2 Do not spurn me, do not shun me, I'm a child, and nothing more;
3 Good bye, we can starve and suf - fer, Yet we'll look to God and pray,

1 For my fa - ther is a drunkard, And we've nothing home to eat!
2 Give me something, if but pi - ty,— Do not turn me from your door!
3 That when you go to Him beg- ging, He'll not turn your soul a - way.

CHORUS.
SOP. & ALTO.

Please, ma'am, won't you give me something, I'll not come here an - y more;

TENOR.

Please, ma'am, won't you give me something, I'll not come here an - y more;

BASS.

Fa - ther drinks, Oh, please, take pi - ty! Do not turn me from your door!

Fa - ther drinks, Oh, please, take pi - ty! Do not turn me from your door!

WHEN THE CUP IS FLOWING, BROTHHR.

QUARTET FOR MALE OR MIXED VOICES.

Moderato. AIR.—"*When the corn is waving, Annie.*" BLAMPHIN.

1st TENOR or SOP.

1. When the cup is flow - ing, Brother dear, Oh, pause and think a-while! Its
2. When the cup is flow - ing, Brother dear, Oh, think of those at home! The

2d TENOR or TENOR.

BARITONE or ALTO.

1. When the cup is flow - ing, Brother dear, Oh, pause and think a-while! Its
2. When the cup is flow - ing, Brother dear, Oh, think of those at home! The

BASS.

1 ro - sy tint may charm the eye, And beau - ty round thee smile; But
2 dear, the gen - tle - heart - ed ones, Ne'er from their pre - cepts roam; For

1 ro - sy tint may charm the eye, And beau - ty round thee smile; But
2 dear, the gen - tle - heart - ed ones, Ne'er from their pre - cepts roam; For

1 see the clouds of ru - in That rise up - on the air,— Oh,
2 ev - 'ry cup of pleas - ure, Some lov - ing heart doth break! Oh,

1 see the clouds of ru - in That rise up - on the air, Oh,
2 ev - 'ry cup of pleas - ure Some lov - ing heart doth break! Oh,

1 hear the cries of an - guish, Nor take the wine - cup there! When the
2 leave the noi - sy rev - el, For manhood's wor - thy sake! When the

1 hear the cries of an - guish, Nor take the wine - cup there! ..... When the
2 leave the noi - sy rev - el, For manhood's wor -thy sake! ..... When the

cup is flow - ing, Brother dear, Oh, pause and think a - while, Tho'

cup is flow - ing, Brother dear, Oh, pause and think a - while, Tho'

bright - ly it may charm the eye, To ru - in 'twill be - guile.

bright - ly it may charm the eye, To ru - in 'twill be - guile.

WHO WILL HELP THE DRUNKARD'S CHILDREN?

AIR.—*Whisper softly, mother's dying.*

SONG AND CHORUS FOR MIXED VOICES.

Music by JAMES E. STEWART.

Moderato.

p et legato. *mz* *ped.* *ped.*

f *p* *rall.*

p a tempo.

1. Gen - tle mother now is dy - ing! Soon she'll close her lov - ing eyes,....
2. Gen - tle mother now is dy ing! Soon we'll miss the tru - est love,....
3. Gen - tle mother now is dy - ing! And she tells us not to weep,....

p a tempo.

rall.

1 An - gels wait to bear her gent - ly, To the home beyond the skies;
2 And we'll miss the voice so lov - ing, When her spir - it's flown a - bove;
3 She will watch o'er and protect us, Thro' the night, when we're a - sleep;

rall.

mz a tempo.

1 Kiss her lips, for soon she'll leave us; Moth - er, clasp me to your breast,
2 Fa - ther lingers at the tav - ern, Where his footsteps ev -er stray,
3 Dar - ling mother, guide our footsteps, Be with us from day to day!

mz a tempo.

rall.

1 As you did in days of childhood, When you sang your child to rest.
2 Who will help the drunkard's children, When they've ta -ken her a - way.
3 Fa - ther, help the drunkard's children, When our mother's passed a - way!

rall.

CHORUS FOR MIXED VOICES.

SOP. & ALTO.

mz a tempo. *mz cres.*

Gen - tle mother now is dy - ing, Soon she'll close her lov - ing eyes;

TENOR. *mz cres.*

Gen - tle mother now is dy - ing, Soon she'll close her lov - ing eyes;

BASS.

p *rall.* *f*

Who will help the drunkard's children, When she dwells beyond the skies.

p *rall.*

Who will help the drunkard's children, When she dwells beyond the skies.

WATER FOR ME AND YOU.

AIR.—*Oysters and Wine, at 2 A. M.*

SONG AND CHORUS FOR MIXED OR MALE VOICES.

Music by JAMES E. STEWART.

Moderato.

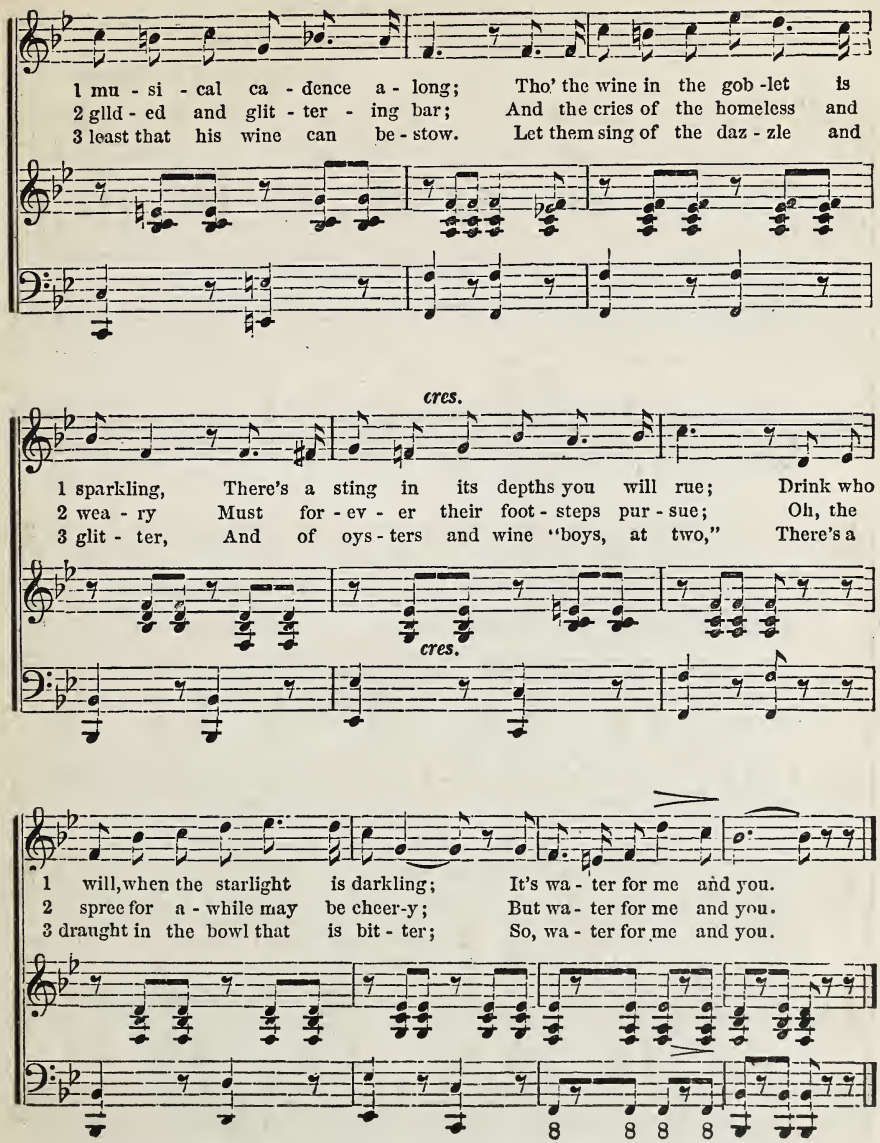
mz *p* *mz*

mz

f.

1. Let the noise of the rev - el be sounding, The brook sings a much sweeter
2. If the tho'ts of the rev - el - ers wander, They see in the fu - ture not
3. In the morning, his way homeward tak-ing, Be -hold yonder rev - el - er

1 song,..... While o - ver the val - ley 'tis bounding,.... With a
2 far,..... Remorse for the moments they squander,.... At the
3 go!..... A head that is fright -ful - ly ach - ing,.... Is the


1 mu - si - cal ca - dence a - long; Tho' the wine in the gob - let is
2 glid - ed and glit - ter - ing bar; And the cries of the homeless and
3 least that his wine can be - stow. Let them sing of the daz - zle and
cres.
1 sparkling, There's a sting in its depths you will rue; Drink who
2 wea - ry Must for - ev - er their foot - steps pur - sue; Oh, the
3 glit - ter, And of oys - ters and wine "boys, at two," There's a
cres.
1 will, when the starlight is darkling; It's wa - ter for me and you.
2 spree for a - while may be cheer-y; But wa - ter for me and you.
3 draught in the bowl that is bit - ter; So, wa - ter for me and you.
8 8 8 8

WATER FOR ME AND YOU. Concluded.

CHORUS FOR MIXED OR MALE VOICES, OMITTING 3D VOICE.

Tempo di valse.

SOP. & ALTO.

Wa - ter, my friends, for me and you, me and you, me and you,

TENOR. *ad lib.*

Wa - ter, my friends, for me and you, me and you, me and you,

BASS.

D. C. ad lib.

Wa - ter, my friends, for me and you! Wa - ter for me and you!

Wa - ter, my friends, for me and you! Wa - ter for me and you!

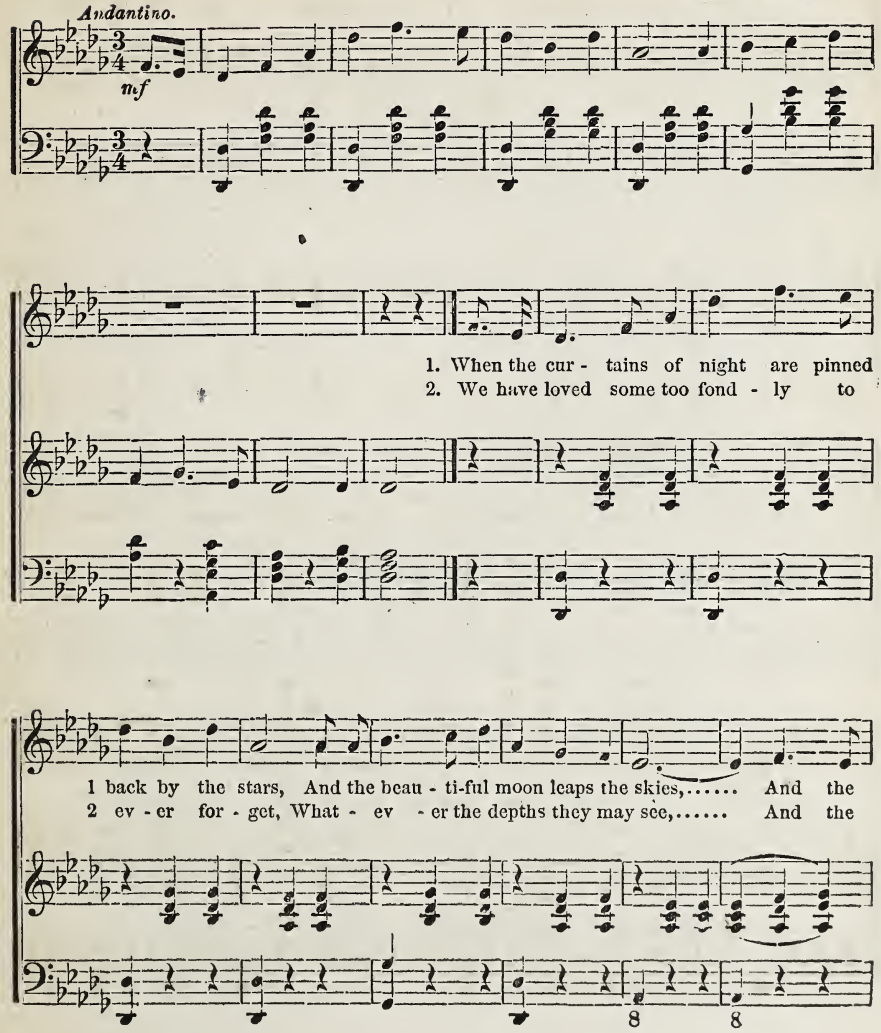
sempre tempo.

8va.

AIR.—*I'll remember you in my prayers.*

SONG AND CHORUS. (*ad lib.*)

WILL. S. HAYS.



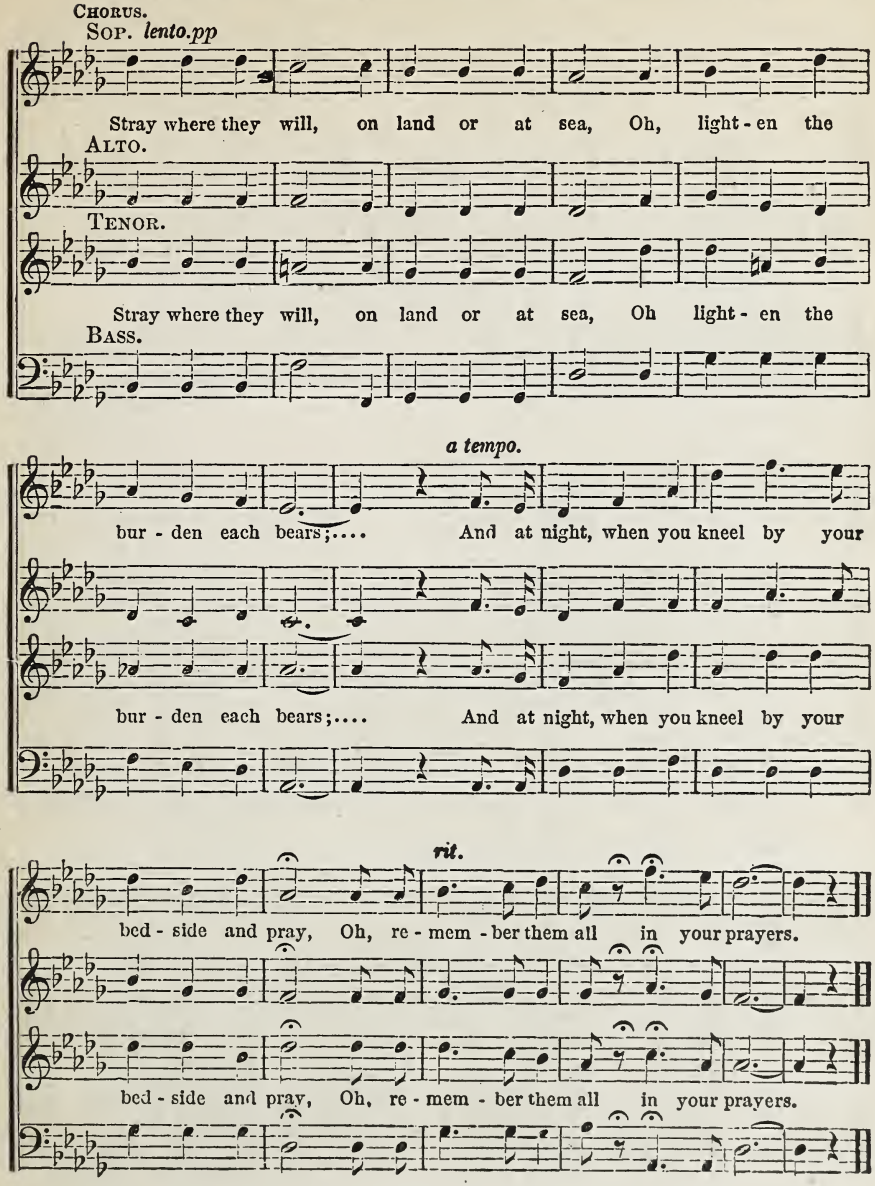
1 dew - drops of heaven are kissing the rose, It is then that sweet memo - ry
2 kiss of af- fec -tion still warm on our lips, Long shall lin -ger with you and with

1 flies,..... As if on the wings of some beau - ti - ful dove, In
2 me..... We'll strive to re-claim them to man - hood a - gain, We'll

1 haste with the message it bears;..... 'Tis hope for the err - ing wher-
2 lure them from pitfalls and snares;.... Oh, show that we love them wher-

rit.

1 -ev - er they are, Oh, re - mem -ber them all in your prayers.
2 -ev - er they roam, And re - mem -ber them all in your prayers.


CHORUS.
SOP. lento.pp
Stray where they will, on land or at sea, Oh, light - en the
ALTO.
TENOR.
Stray where they will, on land or at sea, Oh light - en the
BASS.
a tempo.
bur - den each bears;.... And at night, when you kneel by your
bur - den each bears;.... And at night, when you kneel by your
rit.
bed - side and pray, Oh, re - mem - ber them all in your prayers.
bed - side and pray, Oh, re - mem - ber them all in your prayers.

ALL AMONG THE BARLEY, BUT NOT AMONG THE RYE.

Words by A. T. QUARTET FOR MIXED VOICES. ELIZABETH STIRLING.

mf SOP. & ALTO.

1. Come out, 'tis now Sep- tem - ber, The hunter's moon's begun; And
2. The Spring, she is a young maid, That does not know her mind; The
3. The Wheat is like a rich man, That's sleek and well to do; The

mf TENOR.

1. Come out, 'tis now Sep- tem - ber, The hunter's moon's begun; And
2. The Spring, she is a young maid, That does not know her mind; The
3. The Wheat is like a rich man, That's sleek and well to do; The

mf BASS.

1 And thro' the
2 The Sum-mer
3 The Oats are

f

1 thro' the wheat- en stub - ble Is heard the fre - quent gun; Come
2 Sum - mer is a ty - rant, Of most un - right - eous kind; The
3 Oats are like a pack of girls, Laugh-ing and danc - ing too; The

f

1 thro' the wheat- en stub - ble Is heard the frequent gun; Come
2 Sum - mer is a ty - rant, Of most un - righteous kind; The
3 Oats are like a pack of girls, Laugh - ing and danc-ing too; The

f

1 wheat - en stub - ble Is
2 is a ty - rant, Of
3 like a pack of girls,

1 out, 'tis now Sep - tem - ber, The hun - ter's moon's be - gun; And
2 Spring, she is a young maid, That does not know her mind; The
3 Wheat is like a rich man, That's sleek and well to do; The

1 out, 'tis now Sep - tem - ber, The hun - ter's moon's be - gun; And
2 Spring, she is a young maid, That does not know her mind; The
3 Wheat is like a rich man, That's sleek and well to do; The

be- gun;
her mind;
to do:

1 thro' the wheat - en stub - ble Is heard the fre- quent gun. The
2 Sum - mer is a ty - rant Of most un - right- eous kind. The
3 Oats are like a pack of girls, Laughing and danc - ing too. The

p

1 thro' the wheat - en stub - ble Is heard the frequent gun. The
2 Sum- mer is a ty - rant Of most un - righteous kind. The
3 Oats are like a pack of girls, Laughing and dancing too. The

p

1 Is heard the frequent gun. The
2 Of most un - righteous kind. The
3 Laugh - ing and dancing too. The

cres.

1 leaves are pal - ing yel - low, Or kind - ling in - to red, And the
2 Au - tumn is an old friend, That loves one all he can, And that
3 Rye is like a ty - rant, That will the soul en - thrall; But the

1 leaves are pal - ing yel - low, Or kind - ling in - to red, And the
2 Au - tumn is an old friend, That loves one all he can, And that
3 Rye is like a ty - rant, That will the soul en - thrall; But the

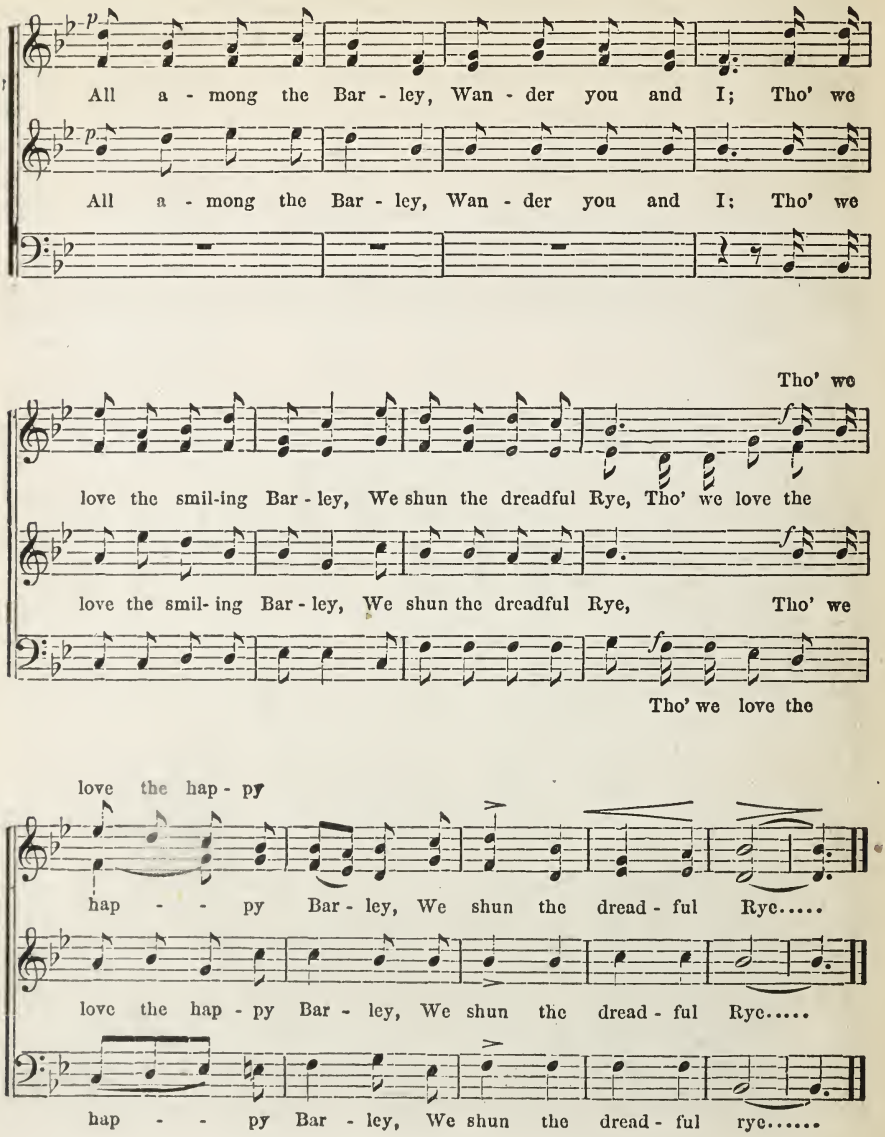
f

1 ripe and gold - en Bar - ley Is hang - ing down its head.
2 brings the hap - py Bar - ley To glad the heart of man.
3 free and beard - ed Bar - ley Is the mon - arch of them all.

f

1 ripe and gold - en Bar - ley Is hang - ing down its head.
2 brings the hap - py Bar - ley To glad the heart of man.
3 free and beard - ed Bar - ley Is the mon - arch of them all.

f


All a - mong the Bar - ley, Wan - der you and I; Tho' we
All a - mong the Bar - ley, Wan - der you and I; Tho' we
Tho' we
love the smil-ing Bar - ley, We shun the dreadful Rye, Tho' we love the
love the smil- ing Bar - ley, We shun the dreadful Rye, Tho' we
Tho' we love the
love the hap - py
hap - - py Bar - ley, We shun the dread - ful Rye.....
love the hap - py Bar - ley, We shun the dread - ful Rye.....
hap - - py Bar - ley, We shun the dread - ful rye.....

AIR.—*The Apology, or, you know.*

DUET FOR MEZZO SOP. OR ALTO & BARITONE.

Music by JOHN PARRY.

Allegretto grazioso.

mf soave.

pp

HE. My an - gel, my dar - ling, my love, my dove! I have
SHE. I said that I loved you; my tone, I own Was as
HE. I own that I sometimes have gone, my own, On a
SHE. I'm hap - py, so hap - py, in - deed, I need Hard-ly

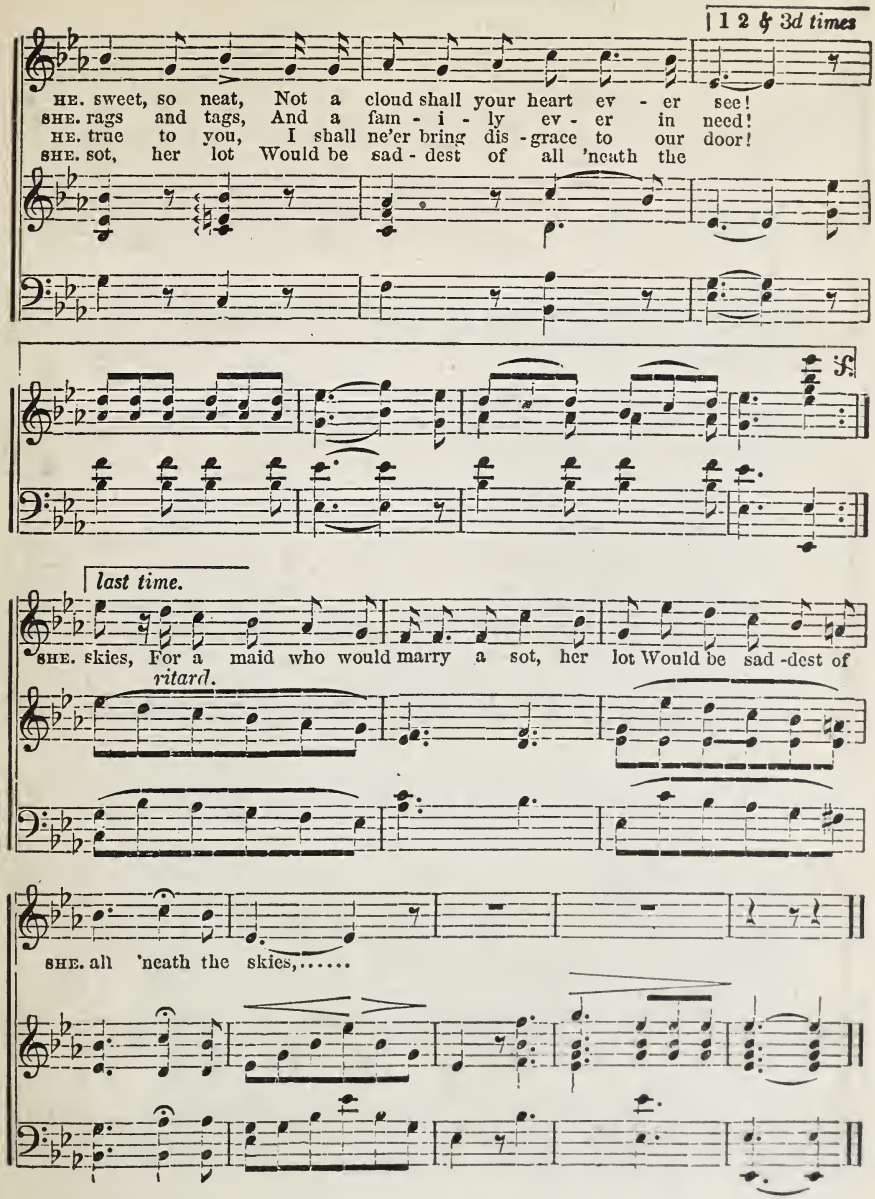
ff *p*

HE. come for your prom - ise so true, Tell me when you are go - ing to
SHE. lov - ing as lov - er could wish, But I've al - tered my mind, and I'll
HE. few lit - tle rev - els and sprees, But I now see their fol - ly, and
SHE. tell you the joy that I feel! And our home will be blest with a

HE. wed, you said You were mine when we last bid a - dieu. So I've
SHE. wait, I'd state, For I find that you drink like a fish! So I've
HE. here, my dear, I will prom - ise good faith on my knees; So the
SHE. light so bright, When sweet tem -per - ance there sets her seal; So I'm

HE. come all this way, love, To hear you but say, love, That
SHE. but this to say, sir, "Just go on your way, sir, My
HE. pledge I will take, love, For your and my sake, love, And
SHE. yours, love, for - ev - er, And sor - row shall nev - er Be

HE. still you are true un - to me,..... Let me call you "my wi - fie," so
SHE. home would be cloudless in -deed,.... With a sot for a husband, in
HE. yield to the Tempter no more!.... Ah, you nev - er need doubt me, I'm
SHE. sown in the heart that you prize;.... For a maid who would mar - ry a


1 2 & 3d times
HE. sweet, so neat, Not a cloud shall your heart ev - er see!
SHE. rags and tags, And a fam - i - ly ev - er in need!
HE. true to you, I shall ne'er bring dis - grace to our door!
SHE. sot, her lot Would be sad - dest of all 'neath the
S.
last time.
SHE. skies, For a maid who would marry a sot, her lot Would be sad -dest of
ritard.
SHE. all 'neath the skies,.....

BROTHER, BEWARE OF THE SNARE!

AIR.—*Jennie, the Flower of Kildare.*

SONG AND CHORUS.

Music by JAMES E. STEWART.

p *cres.* *rit.*

p *cres.* *rall.*

p a tempo. *cres.* *mz* *dim.*

1. The tempters are al - ways on hand,.... And they smile in a sweet, winning
2. There's death in the trap that they set;..... Cast a - way the first glass from your

p a tempo.

p

1 way;..... Their sneers are quite hard to with - stand,..... But
2 lips;..... A world of des - pair and re - gret..... May

rall. *mz* *a tempo.*

1 thanks un - to heav - en, you may! Go show them the badge that you
2 come to the tempt - ed who sips! There's trust and se - cu - ri - ty

rall. *mz* *a tempo.*

cres. *p*

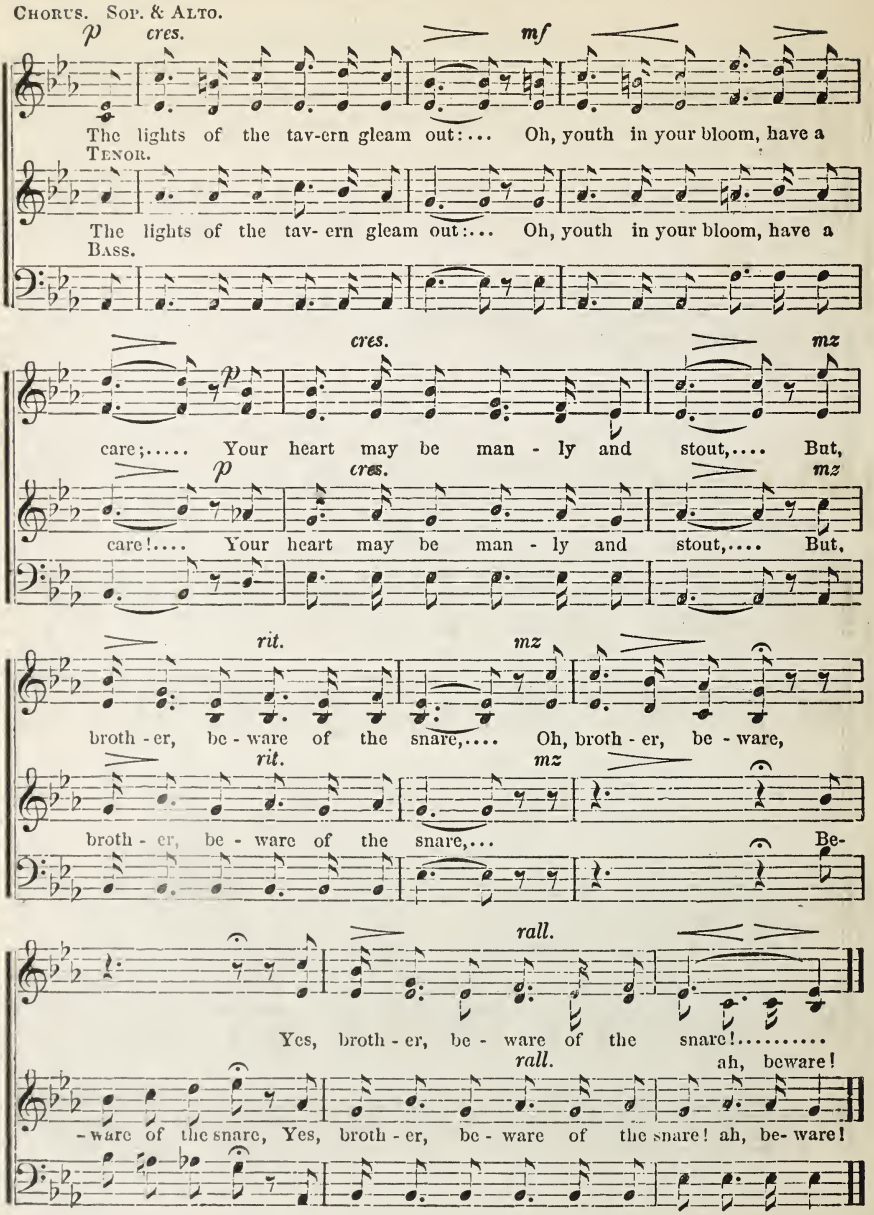
1 wear on your breast, Their eyes on that em - blem will stare;.... Then
2 here in the pledge, And pleas - ures we ask you to share;... Come

cres. *p*

rall.

1 tell them the Pledge you have signed, And so you'll get rid of the snare.
2 in - to the Lodge of your choice, And, brother, beware of the snare.

mz *rall.*


CHORUS. SOP. & ALTO.
p cres. mf
The lights of the tav-ern gleam out:... Oh, youth in your bloom, have a
TENOR.
The lights of the tav- ern gleam out:... Oh, youth in your bloom, have a
BASS.
cres. mz
p
care;..... Your heart may be man - ly and stout,.... But,
p cres. mz
care!.... Your heart may be man - ly and stout,.... But,
rit. mz
broth - er, be - ware of the snare,.... Oh, broth - er, be - ware,
rit. mz
broth - er, be - ware of the snare,... Be-
rall.
Yes, broth - er, be - ware of the snare!.....
rall.
ah, beware!
- ware of the snare, Yes, broth - er, be - ware of the snare! ah, be- ware!

REELING ON THE SIDEWALK.

AIR.—"*Crossing on the Ferry.*"

SONG AND CHORUS FOR MIXED OR MALE VOICES.

BOBBY NEWCOMB.

Allegretto moderato.

p

f

1. I met a man up - on the street, Who reeled from side to side; His
2. The wrin - kles on his face, they told Their sto - ry un - to all; Soon
3. I mused, as then I turned a - way, This fate may come to pass, To

1 garb was an - y - thing but neat, And he was blear - y - eyed. I
2 in the gut - ter down he rolled, And slept where he did fall. Po-
3 all who take from day to day, The false - ly so - cial glass! Tho

1 asked what made his nose so red, It shone just like a cher - ry, "I'll
2 -lice - men came to rouse him up, The crowd grew wild and mer - ry; He
3 bar - rooms then I shunned in fear, No mon - ey there I bu - ry; A

1 tell you (hic!) my friend," he said, "It's Whis -key, Rum, and Sher -ry!
2 woke and said: "I'd like a sup Of Whis -key, Rum, and Sher -ry!
3 blast - ed life! that's pay - ing dear For Whis -key, Rum, and Sher -ry!

CHORUS FOR MIXED VOICES, OR 3 MALE VOICES, OMITTING 3D VOICE.

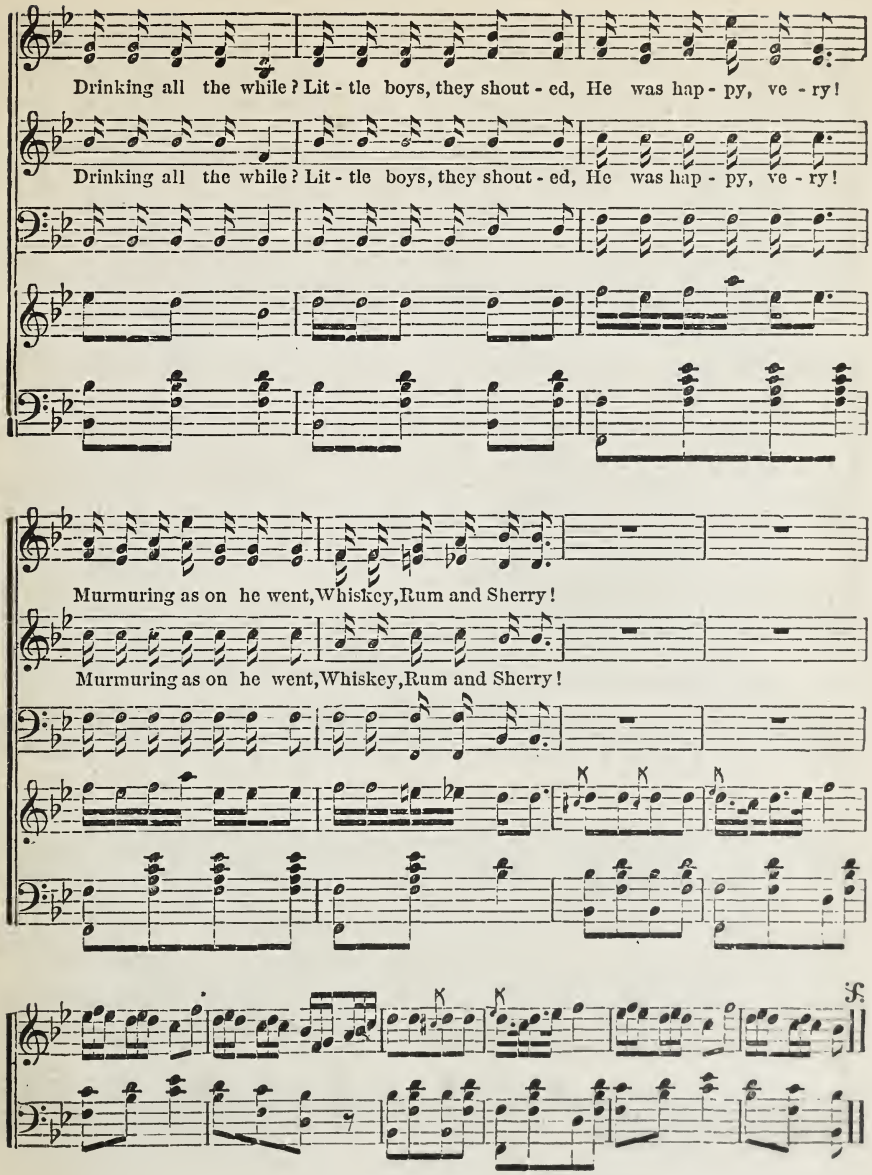
SOP. & ALTO.

Reeling on the side-walk, ve -ry battered tile, Wasn't he a pic - ture,

TENOR.

Reeling on the side-walk, ve -ry battered tile, Wasn't he a pic - ture.

BASS.


Drinking all the while? Lit - tle boys, they shout - ed, He was hap - py, ve - ry!
Drinking all the while? Lit - tle boys, they shout - ed, He was hap - py, ve - ry!
Murmuring as on he went, Whiskey, Rum and Sherry!
Murmuring as on he went, Whiskey, Rum and Sherry!

QUARTET FOR MIXED VOICES.

Andante. HENRI LESLIE.

SOP. & ALTO.

1. The way is long and drear - y, The path is bleak and bare,.... Their
2. The snow lies thick a - round us, In the dark and gloomy night,... And the

TENOR.

1. The way is long and drear - y, The path is bleak and bare,.. Their
2. The snow lies thick a - round us, In the dark and gloomy night,. And the

BASS.

1 feet are worn and wea - ry,..... They sink in wild des-pair! More
2 tem - pest wails a - bove them, And the stars have hid their light; But

1 feet are worn and wea- - ry,..... They sink in wild des - pair! More
2 tem - pest wails a - bove them, And the stars have hid their light; But

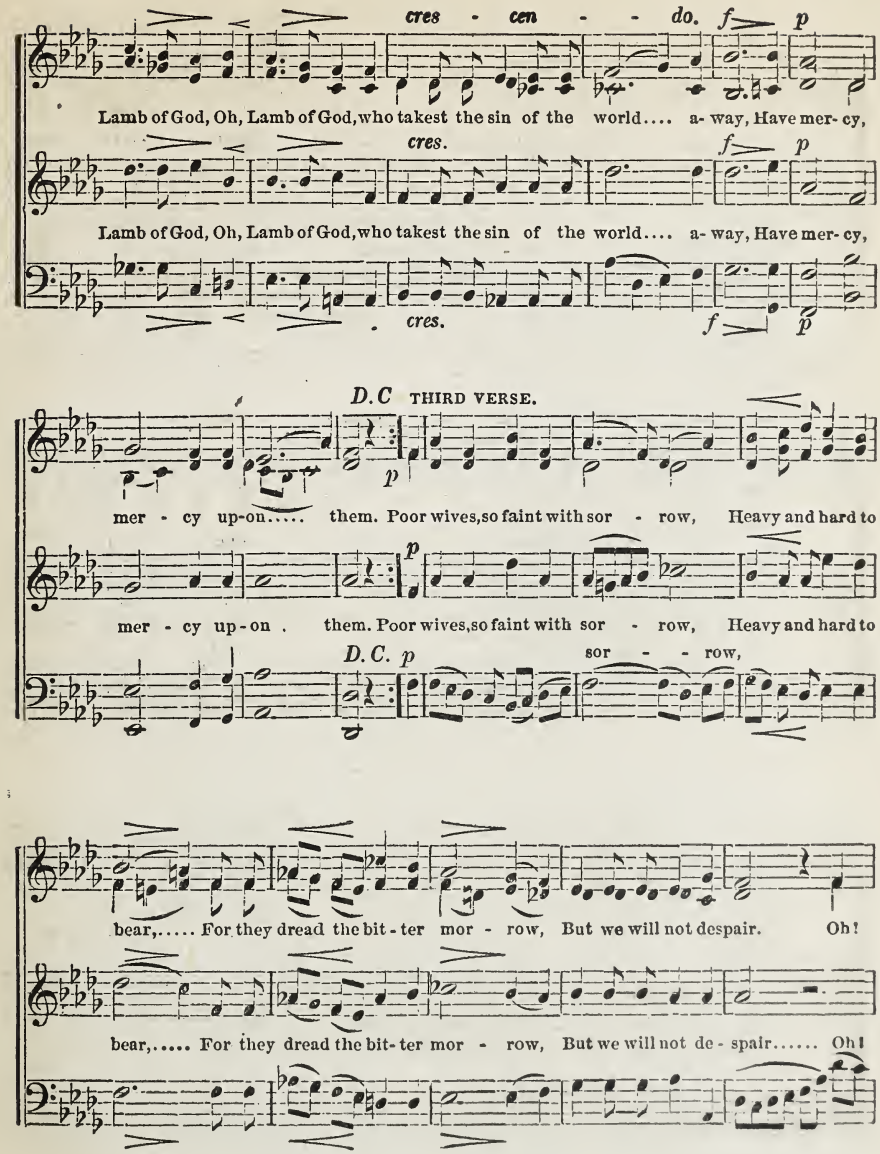
cres - - - - cen - - - do. *f* *p*

1 hea - vy grow their bur - thens, More des - o - late their way,... Oh!
2 bleak - er is the dark - ness That shrouds the drunkard's day,... Oh!

cres. *f* *p*

1 hea - vy grow their bur - thens, More des - o - late their way, Oh!
2 bleak - er is the dark - ness That shrouds the drunkard's day, Oh!

cres. *f* *p*


cres - cen - - do. f p
Lamb of God, Oh, Lamb of God, who takest the sin of the world.... a- way, Have mer- cy,
cres. f p
Lamb of God, Oh, Lamb of God, who takest the sin of the world.... a- way, Have mer- cy,
cres. f p
D.C THIRD VERSE.
p
mer - cy up-on..... them. Poor wives, so faint with sor - row, Heavy and hard to
p
mer - cy up-on . them. Poor wives, so faint with sor - row, Heavy and hard to
D.C. p
sor - - row,
bear,..... For they dread the bit - ter mor - row, But we will not despair. Oh!
bear,..... For they dread the bit- ter mor - row, But we will not de - spair..... Oh!

res-cue them from an - guish, Bid Rum's temp - ta - tion

cres - - - cen - - - - do.

res - cue them from an - guish, Bid Rum's..... temp-

cres. Oh! rescue them from an- guish, Bid Rum's temp-

res - - cue them from an - - guish, Bid rum's temp - ta - tion

cease.....

f *p* *cres - - - cen*

-ta - tion cease. Oh! Lamb of God! Oh! Lamb of God, Who tak - est the sin of the

f *p* *cres.*

-ta- tion cease. Oh! Lamb of God! Oh! Lamb of God, Who tak- est the sin of the

f *p* *cres.*

cease.

- - - *do.* *f* *p*

world.... a - way, Give them, give them Thy..... peace.

f *p*

world a - way, Give them, give them Thy peace.

f *p*

AIR.—*Uncle Jefferson.*

SONG AND CHORUS FOR MIXED OR MALE VOICES.

JAMES E. STEWART.

Lively.

mf

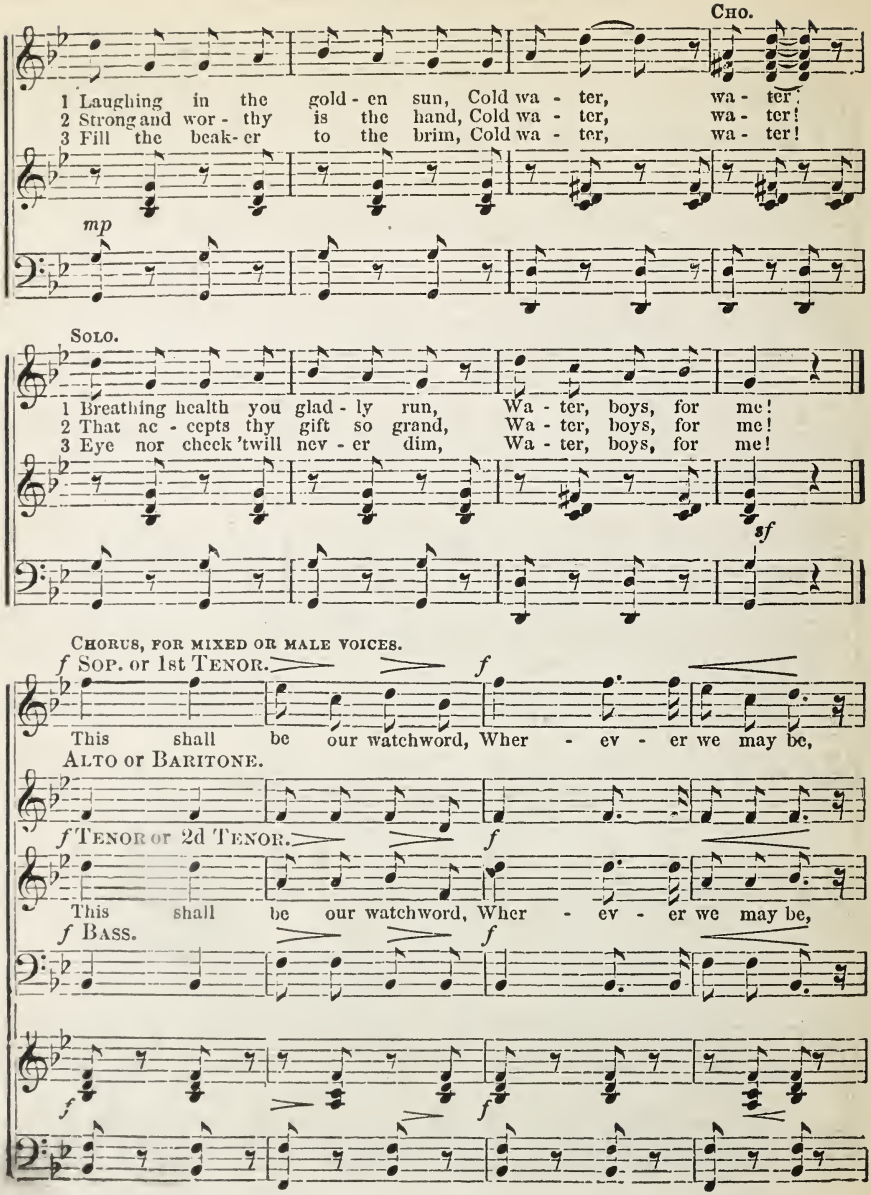
mf *ff*

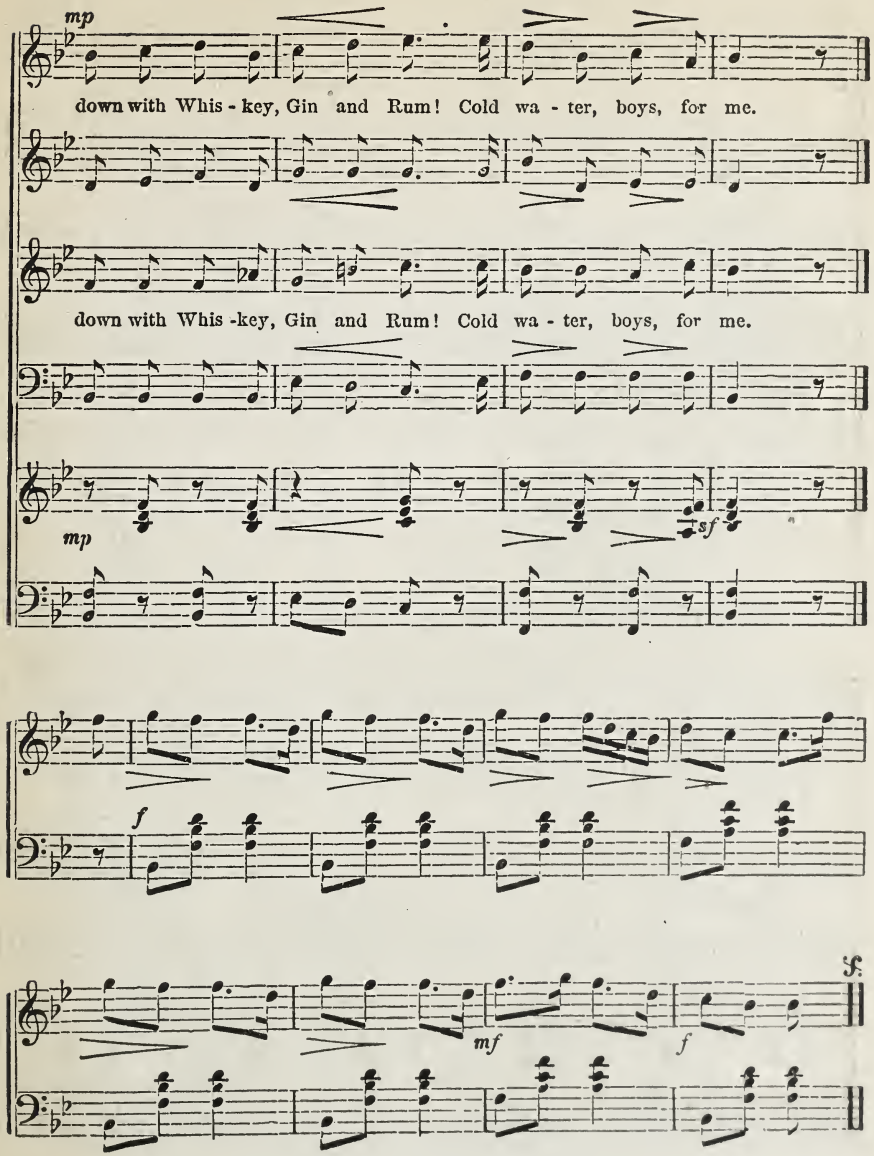
f SOLO. CHO. SOLO

1. Oh, bright the mes - sage that you bring, Cold wa - ter, wa - ter! As
2. You bring a - long de - light and joy, Cold wa - ter, wa - ter! You
3. No wid - ow's tears are in your train, Cold wa - ter, wa - ter! Your

mp

1 down the mountain side you sing, Cold wa - ter, boys, for me!
2 nev - er can the soul de -stroy, Cold wa - ter, boys, for me!
3 path - way bears no mur - der stain, Cold wa - ter, boys, for me!


Cho.
1 Laughing in the gold - en sun, Cold wa - ter, wa - ter!
2 Strong and wor - thy is the hand, Cold wa - ter, wa - ter!
3 Fill the beak - er to the brim, Cold wa - ter, wa - ter!
mp
Solo.
1 Breathing health you glad - ly run, Wa - ter, boys, for me!
2 That ac - cepts thy gift so grand, Wa - ter, boys, for me!
3 Eye nor cheek 'twill nev - er dim, Wa - ter, boys, for me!
sf
Chorus, for mixed or male voices.
f Sop. or 1st Tenor.
f
This shall be our watchword, Wher - ev - er we may be,
Alto or Baritone.
f Tenor or 2d Tenor.
f
This shall be our watchword, Wher - ev - er we may be,
f Bass.
f
f
f


mp
down with Whis - key, Gin and Rum! Cold wa - ter, boys, for me.
down with Whis -key, Gin and Rum! Cold wa - ter, boys, for me.
mp
sf
f
mf
f

THE OLD MAN'S DRUNK AGAIN.

SONG OR DUET, AND CHORUS. WILL S. HAYS.

Allegretto.

SONG OR DUET.

1. You've, no doubt, heard the song Of "Fa - ther dear, come home," And the
2. He takes his morn - ing nip, And loafs a - bout the door; He
3. He'd smash poor moth - er's nose, And up - set broth - er Ned, And
4. "Oh! Fa - ther dear, come home," Stop drink - ing like a sow; You've

1 fate of hun - gry lit - tle Ben, Who sent for him to come;..... How the
2 told his fam - 'ly, more than once, That he would drink no more;..... But
3 drive us all in - to the street, Then tum - ble in - to bed;..... And
4 drank a - way the beds and stove, Don't swal - low up the cow;..... Oh!

1 old man used to "smile," And cause the fam - 'ly pain, But
2 then he would for - get From "ben - zine" to ab - stain; The
3 when he'd be a - sleep, We'd go back and re - main, Un-
4 don't a - buse the boys, And cause poor moth - er pain, Or

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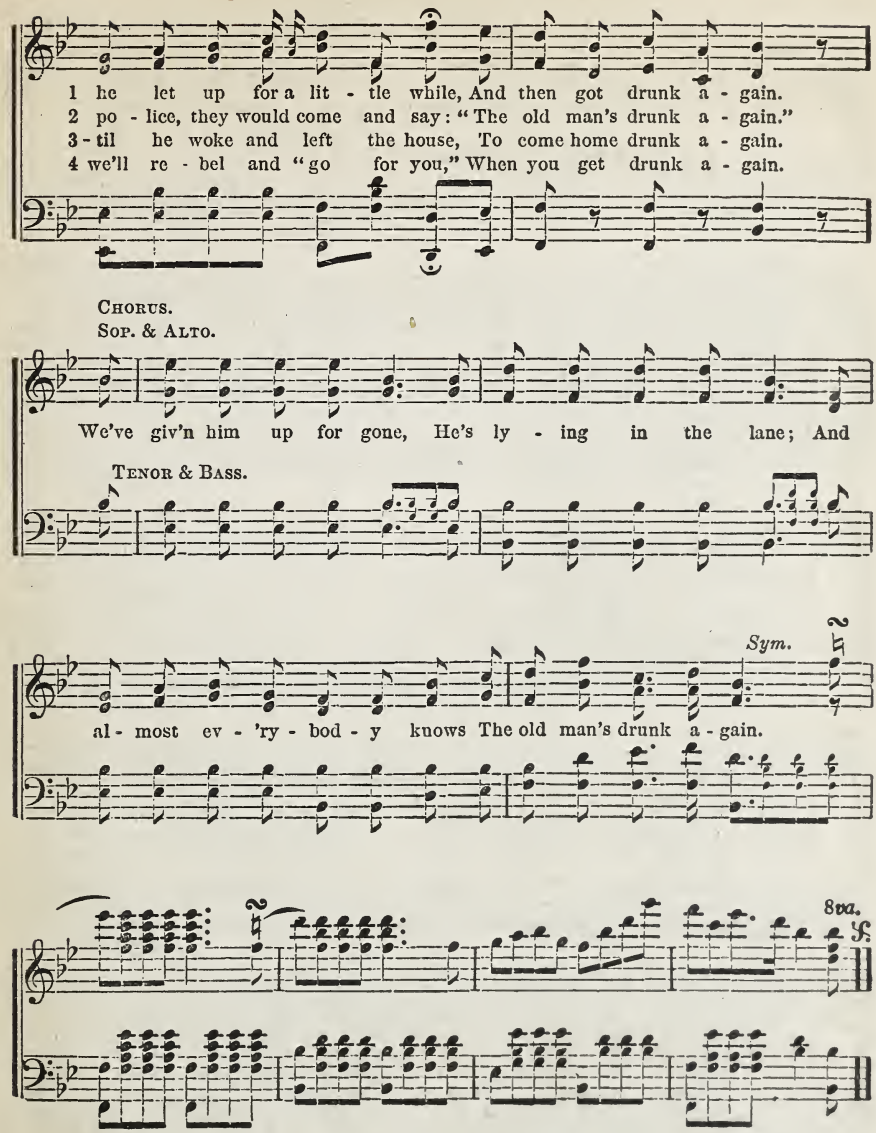
1 he let up for a lit - tle while, And then got drunk a - gain.
2 po - lice, they would come and say: "The old man's drunk a - gain."
3 - til he woke and left the house, To come home drunk a - gain.
4 we'll re - bel and "go for you," When you get drunk a - gain.
Chorus.
Sop. & Alto.
We've giv'n him up for gone, He's ly - ing in the lane; And
Tenor & Bass.
Sym.
al - most ev - 'ry - bod - y knows The old man's drunk a - gain.
8va.

HARK! AT YOUR DOORS WE ARE PLEADING,
or The Praying Band.

DUET AND CHORUS, FOR FEMALE VOICES. (*Tenor & Bass ad lib.*)

Con espress. HARRY LEIGHTON.

p

f

1. Oh, hark! at your doors we are pleading to-day, Give ear to our sor- row-ful
2. Oh, ye who have fond lov - ing wives of your own, Oh, ye who have sons that are
3. No more let the lights in your windows gleam red, To lure fond and dear ones with-

1 prayr's! Our hus - bands and broth - ers and sons are a - stray—Your
2 dear,— Have pi - ty for moth - ers, heart-bro - ken and lone, The
3 -in! Oh! bright - ly may shine ev - 'ry home - light in- stead— A-

1 tav - erns are pit - falls and snares. Then bar - ter no more with De-
2 cause of whose mis - 'ry is here. Then think of the hearts and the
3 -way from temp- ta - tion and sin. Then turn not a - side from our

1 -struc - tion and Death; Give joy to each home in the land, And
2 homes you destroy; These homes with delight you may strew, The
3 ear - nest ap-peal; Have pi - ty, and close up your door! And

p

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1 moth - ers will hon - or till their lat - est breath, Your pur - pose, so no - ble and
2 smiles of the wor - thy will hail you with joy; The path - way of du - ty pur-
3 we will pray Heav - en, while humbly we kneel, To bless you and yours ev - er-

CHORUS.

1 grand!
2 -sue.
3 -more!
Oh, hark! at your doors we are plead - ing to - day, Your

TENOR & BASS *ad lib.*

help in our cause we im - plore! Come aid us, the De - mon of

li - quor to slay, And bless - ings be yours ev - er - more!

f

OUT IN THE SNOW, or THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

SONG AND CHORUS. WILL S. HAYS.

Andantino.

1. Fa - ther, please, don't drive me out in the street, There, a - mong strangers, no
2. Drink no more, Fa - ther: look up in my face, Blush- ing for shame at the
3. Cease to a - buse me, I'll do as you say, But, first, let me kneel by my

Acc.

1 pi - ty to meet! See, how poor moth- er is weep-ing, I pray; And,
2 sin and dis- grace! Why are you al - ways so cru - el and wild?
3 moth-er and pray; Don't strike me, I'll go, with a heart filled with pain; I

1 Fa - ther, for her sake, don't drive me a - way. You nev - er speak kind - ly, your
2 Have you no love for your poor wife and child? Our home is so drear - y— Oh,
3 feel that I nev - er shall see you a - gain. Oh! let me kiss moth- er, heart-

1 looks are so wild; Oh, smile as you used to up - on your poor child! Dear
2 Fa- ther, just think, You gave your last pen - ny for something to drink! And
3 -bro- ken and lone; May heav - en have pi - ty on her when I'm gone! If I

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1 Fa - ther, have pi - ty,—don't tell me to go Out in the street to- night,
2 now, in my hun - ger, you force me to go, Begging for help, to- night,
3 die in the street, who one tear will be- stow On the poor wan - der - er,

CHORUS.
SOP. & ALTO.

1 out in the snow!
2 out in the snow! Rag - ged and hun - gry, a - lone in the street,
3 out in the snow?

TENOR & BASS.

Walk - ing a - bout in the cold and the sleet; Wild is the tempest, I've

sym.

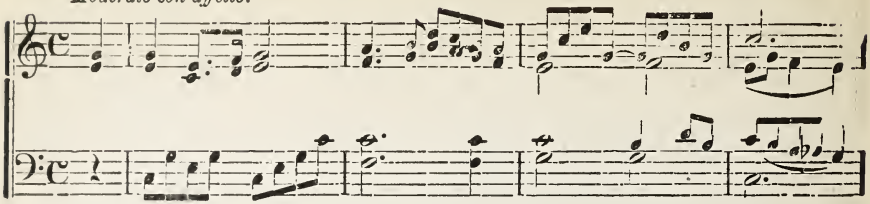
no - where to go, What will be - come of me— out in the snow.

ff END.

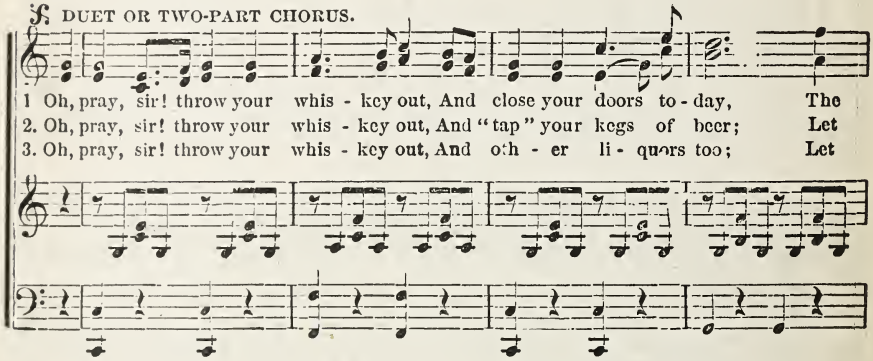
SONG OR DUET, AND CHORUS, FOR FEMALE VOICES. (*Tenor & Bass ad lib.*)

Words by SAMUEL N. MITCHELL. Music by HARRY LEIGHTON

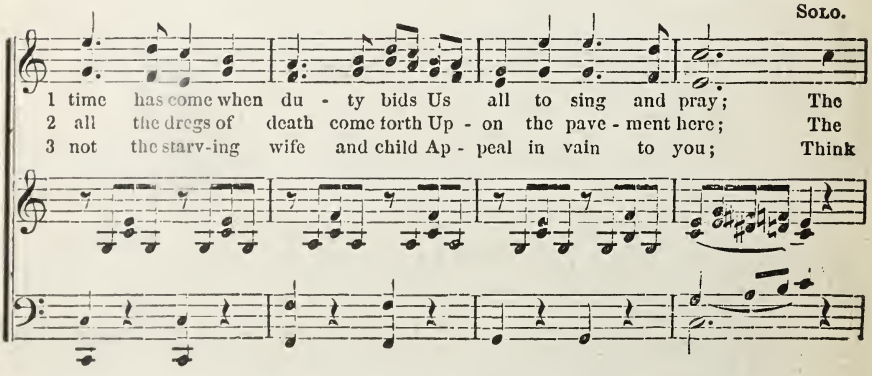
Moderato con affetto.



DUET OR TWO-PART CHORUS.



SOLO.



1 poi - son dos - es that you sell, Have fill'd our land with woe, Oh,
2 li - quid sin you have for sale Has thinn'd the hu - man race. Oh,
3 of the mis - 'ry it has wrought In homes a - bout the town, Oh,

1 pray, sir! turn the li - quid out, That we may see it flow.
2 pray, sir! throw it in the street, And close your tempt - ing place.
3 pray, sir! throw your "bit - ters" out, And take your sign - board down.

CHORUS. (*Tenor & Bass ad lib.*)

Oh, pray, sir! throw your whis - key out, Your bran - dy, beer and gin; De-

- stroy that de - mon of our land, The cause of so much sin.

Syn. 1 & 2nd. Ending.

THE CHILD'S APPEAL.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by SAMUEL N. MITCHELL. Music by HARRY LEIGHTON.

Allegretto.

affetuoso.

f.

1. Oh, Mis - ter, why don't you stop sell- ing your rum To poor, shift-less fa- thers like
2. Oh, Mis - ter, the stuff that is sold at your bar, To those who are giv - en to
3. Oh, Mis - ter, please, don't give my Pa an - y more, To make him so wretched and

1 mine,... Who spend in your shop all the mon - ey they earn, For
2 drink,.. Is cer - tain - ly death to the ones that par - take, And
3 wild;.. For when he's in li - quor, he's maddened with rage, And

1 poi - son - ous whis - key and wine;.... My moth - er has noth- ing that's
2 thousands are now on the brink;... My fa - ther was hap - py when
3 threatens his wife and his child;.... This life is a bur - den to

1 de - cent to wear, And sis - ter is cry - ing for bread, While
2 do - ing his work, And mak - ing three dol - lars a day, But
3 moth - er and I, When fa - ther is off on a spree, So

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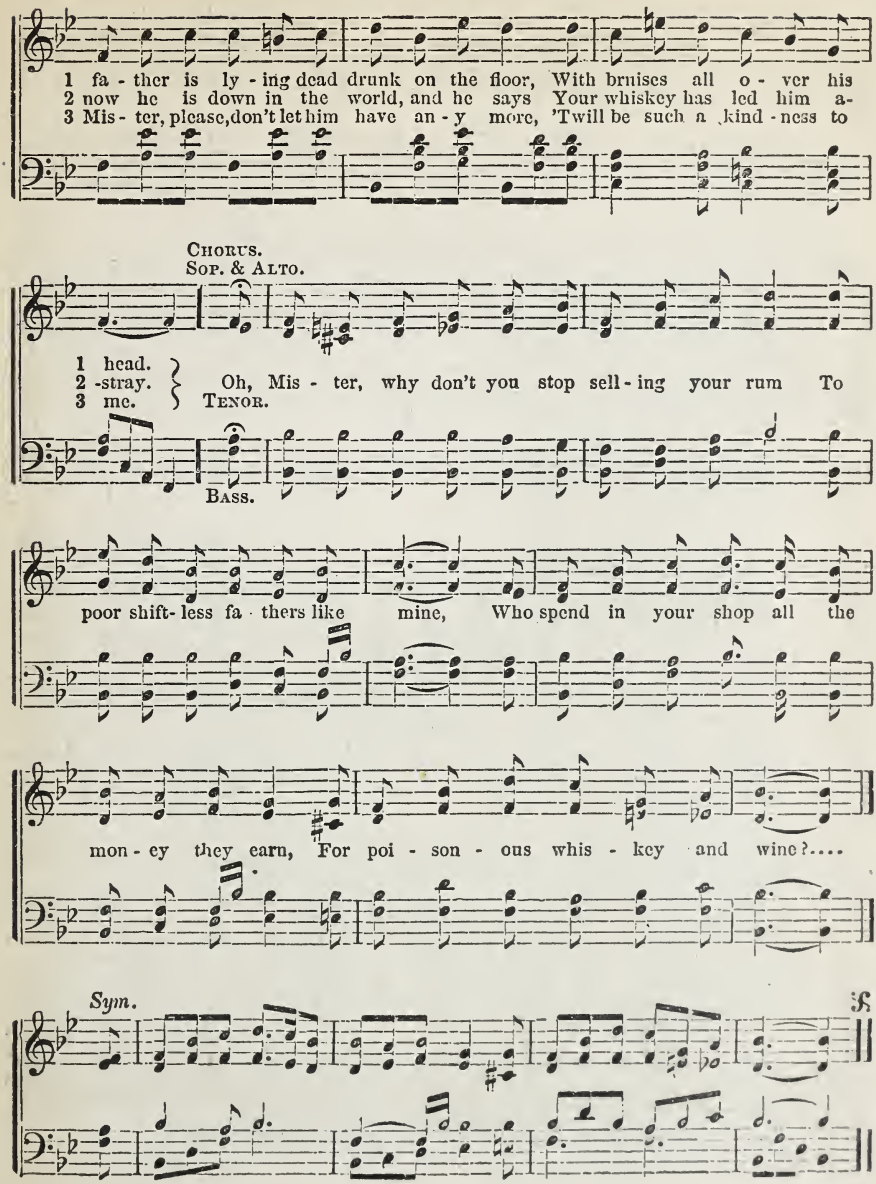
1 fa - ther is ly - ing dead drunk on the floor, With bruises all o - ver his
2 now he is down in the world, and he says Your whiskey has led him a-
3 Mis - ter, please, don't let him have an - y more, 'Twill be such a kind - ness to
Chorus.
Sop. & Alto.
1 head.
2 -stray.
3 me.
Oh, Mis - ter, why don't you stop sell - ing your rum To
Tenor.
Bass.
poor shift- less fa - thers like mine, Who spend in your shop all the
mon - ey they earn, For poi - son - ous whis - key and wine?....
Sym.

FOLLOW UP THE PLOW.

SONG OR DUET, AND CHORUS.

By WILL. S. HAYS.

Moderato.

f.

1. Hard times are now up - on us, And the peo - ple are in debt, The
2. Fill up your fields and prai - ries, With a crop that's "good as gold," And
3. There are too ma - ny peo - ple, Who.... from their du - ty shirk, Who'd

1 coun - try's full of trou - ble, And the worst is com - ing yet, 'Tis
2 mine your hills and val - leys wide, For i - ron, salt and coal. The
3 rath - er make a for - tune By some oth - er means than work. The

1 not with - out its caus - es, And I'll plain - ly tell you now, The
2 earth is the pro - duc - er, And I can tell you how To
3 man who plants to - bac - co, Corn, wheat, or cot - ton now, Is

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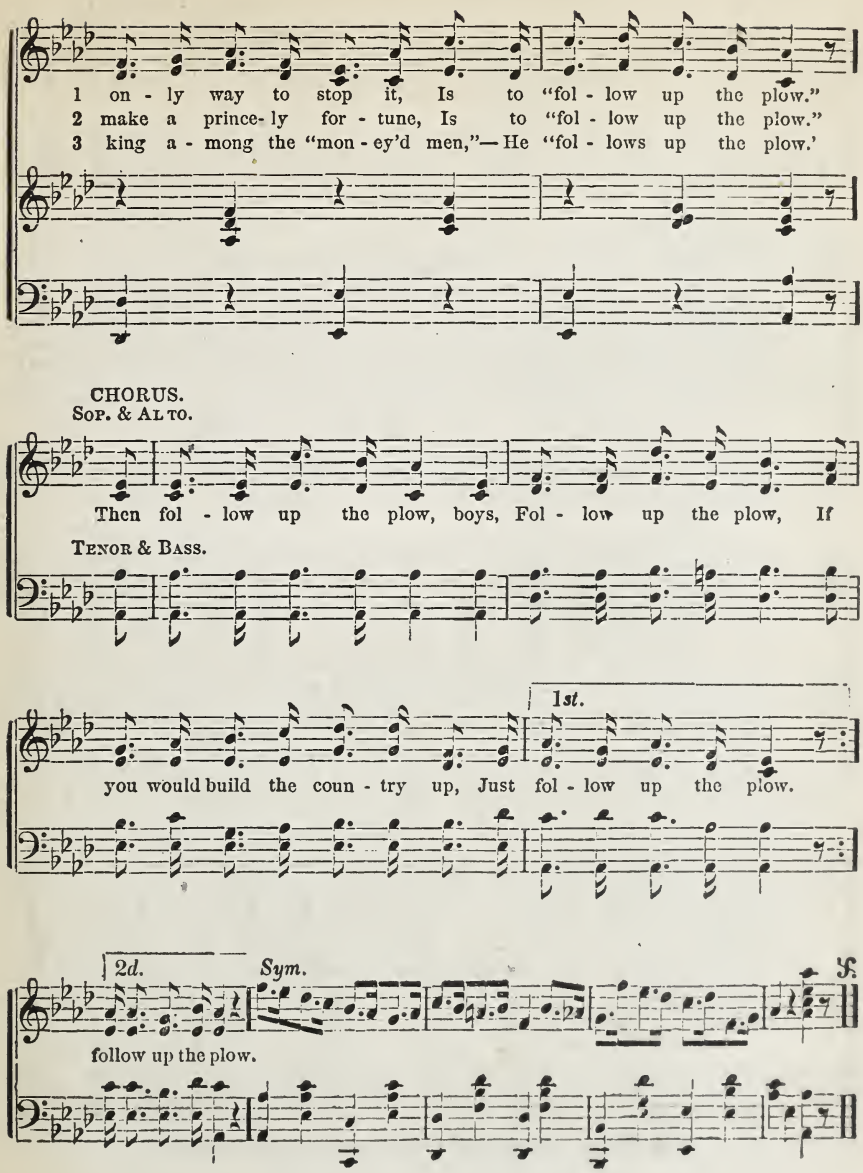
1 on - ly way to stop it, Is to "fol - low up the plow."
2 make a prince- ly for - tune, Is to "fol - low up the plow."
3 king a - mong the "mon - ey'd men,"—He "fol - lows up the plow.'
CHORUS.
Sop. & Alto.
Then fol - low up the plow, boys, Fol - low up the plow, If
Tenor & Bass.
1st.
you would build the coun - try up, Just fol - low up the plow.
2d.
Sym.
follow up the plow.

DON'T SELL MY FATHER RUM.

Words by Mrs. Nellie H. Bradley. W. Dressler.

8va

Allegretto

mf

f

1. Don't sell him an - oth - er drink, please, He's reel - ing al - read - y, you
2. I heard moth - er praying last night, She tho't I was quite sound a -
3. Why don't you have something to sell, That will not make peo - ple so

p

1 see; And I fear, when he comes home to - night He'll beat.....
2 - sleep; She prayed God her hus - band to save, His soul.....
3 sad; That will not make dear moth - ers grieve, And kind.....

1 .. my poor mother and me. She's waiting in darkness and cold, And
2 .. from temp- ta - tion to keep. She cried like her poor heart would break; So,
3 .. fa-thers cru - el and bad? Ah me! it is hard; I can see, You're

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1 dread - ing to hear him come; He treats us so bad when he's
2 try - ing to comfort her some, I told her I'd beg you to-
3 an - gry be - cause I have come, For - give a poor, sad lit - tle

rit.

1 drunk, Oh! don't sell him an - y more rum! He
2 -day, Not to sell fa - ther an - y more rum! I
3 girl, And don't sell her dear fa - ther rum! For -

1 treats us so bad when he's drunk, Oh! don't sell him a - ny more rum!
2 tell her I'd beg you to - day, Not to sell fa- ther a - ny more rum!
3 -give a poor sad lit - tle girl, And don't sell her dear fath- er rum!

Eva.....

fz

WE WON'T LEAVE THE FARM.

QUARTET FOR MALE VOICES.

Words by GEO. COOPER. GEO. W. PERSLEY.

Moderato.

1st & 2d TENOR.

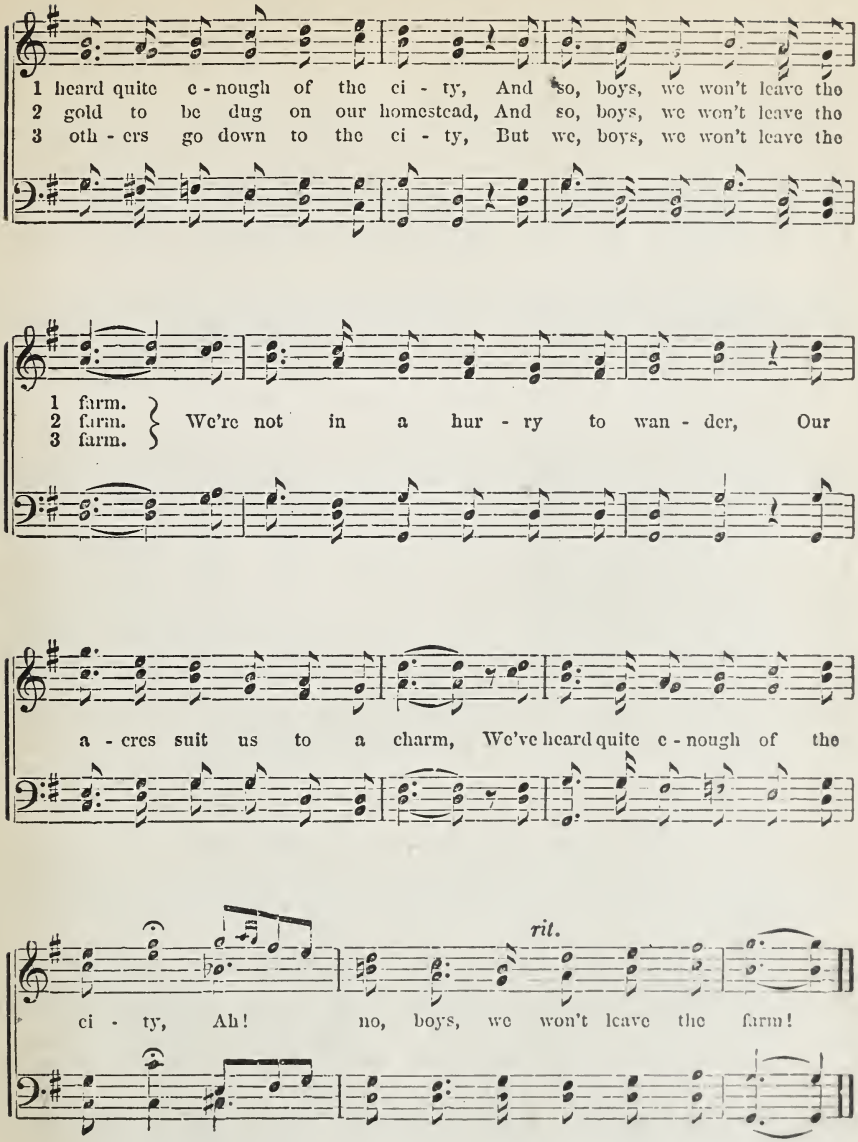
1. Our comrades have taught us a les - son, We're not in a hur - ry to
2. Out here we are safe from temp - ta - tion, Our mon - ey comes in sure, if
3. We've read of the fail - ings and schemings, That ci - ty chaps have on their

1st & 2d BASS.

1 go, But we'll stay on the home stead con - tent - ed To
2 slow; And you see we can save while we earn it, For
3 hands; So we'd rath - er be home at our plow - ing There's

1 plow, and to reap, and to sow; For some have come back here in
2 fol - lies it nev - er need go; And tav - erns are few on the
3 wealth and there's health in our lands; What la - bor is so in - de -

1 tat - ters, And few have es - caped with - out harm; We've
2 mead - ows, To weak - en the brain and the arm; There's
3 pen - dent? It suits us, you see, to a charm; Let


1 heard quite e - nough of the ci - ty, And so, boys, we won't leave the
2 gold to be dug on our homestead, And so, boys, we won't leave the
3 oth - ers go down to the ci - ty, But we, boys, we won't leave the
1 farm.
2 farm.
3 farm.
We're not in a hur - ry to wan - der, Our
a - cres suit us to a charm, We've heard quite e - nough of the
rit.
ci - ty, Ah! no, boys, we won't leave the farm!

DRINKING GIN.

Andante. W. F. HEATH.

4. The man who sells for the sake of gain, Rum, gin and bran - dy, and

1 There comes old Jones, with his face so cross, His old creak-y wag - on, and his
2. There comes Squire Brown, with his rig so neat, His wife, with her daughter, and his
3. You think quite strange of my song, no doubt, But wait till I tell you what it

sweet champaigne, He's worse than the drunkard, yes, by far, Who dai - ly is seen at his

bald-faced horse. He's off for the grog-shop in great haste, Bound for a drink at a
dark - ey Pete. He's dressed like a king, from top to toe, Out for a drive, and to
is a - bout, And don't get ex - ci - ted when I say, Brown is the man we are

oak - en bar. Widows' prayers and the or - phans' cries Come to us and

two - for - ty price; El - bows out of his old gray coat, Nose turned up like a
make a fine show; Neighbors bow as he pass - es by, All are anx - ious to
af - ter to - day; Though he rides in his car - riage neat, Drove a - round by his

say, "a - rise!" Men of worth and of great renown, Put the un - ho - ly traf - fic down.

Berkshire shoat; Rags all 'round, and his hat stove in, All bro't about by drinking gin.
catch his eye; He is rich, for he's got the tin, All bro't about by sell-ing gin.
dark - ey Pete, He does sell for the sake of gain, Rum, gin and brandy without shame.

CHORUS.
Soprano and Alto.

Rit.

1. Drink - ing gin, drink - ing gin, Oh, it is a dread - ful sin;
2. Sell - ing gin, sell - ing gin, Oh, it is a dread - ful sin;

Tenor.

3. All for gain, All for gain, Quite re - gard - less of the stain;
4. Put it down, Put it down, All re - gard - less of the frown.

Bass.

Rit.

a tempo.

El - bows out, and his hat stove in, All bro't a - bout by drinking gin.
What cares he, for he's got the tin, All bro't a - bout by sell - ing gin.

He does sell for the sake of gain, Rum, gin, and brandy, without shame.
Men of worth, and of great re - nown, Rise in your strength, and put it down.

POOR LITTLE TIM.

Temperance Song.

DUET & THREE-PART CHORUS.

Allegretto.

A. J. Abbey.

Duet.

1. I know of a poor lit - tle out - cast, With clothing all shab- by and
2. I know of a poor lit - tle out - cast, Half starv'd for a crust or a
3. I know of a poor lit - tle out - cast, With nev - er a pleasure to
4. Thou! who art the friend of the friend - less, Thou! who wast so oft - en re -

Accomp.

1 thin;..... The woe - be - gone child of a fa - ther, Who
2 crumb;..... The woe - be - gone child of a fa - ther, Ad -
3 cheer;..... The woe - be - gone child of a fa - ther, Be -
4 - vil'd;..... Look down with an eye of com - pas - sion Up -

1 spends all his mon - ey for gin;.... He has not a shoe nor a
2 - dict - ed to bran - dy and rum;.... The chil - dren he meets on the
3 - sot - ted by whis - key and beer;.... Some pause with a vis - age of
4 - on the in - e - bri - ate's child!.... Oh, would that earth had not an -

1 stock - ing: His hat has but part of a rim;.... Yet
2 pave - ment, All look - ing so ti - dy and prim:.... Shrink
3 pi - ty, As if to do some- thing for him;.... But
4 - oth - er So hag - gard in fea - ture and limb!.... A -

1 peo - ple go by in a hur - ry; Who pi- ties the "poor lit - tle Tim?"
2 from him or jos - tle him rude - ly, And hail him with "mean lit - tle Tim!"
3 pass to a pleas-ant - er du - ty, Than car- ing for "poor lit - tle Tim!"
4 - las! the un - for - tu - nate chil - dren, There's ma-ny a "poor lit - tle Tim!"

CHORUS.

1st & 2d Voices.

His face is the pic-ture of sor- row, His eyes they are sunken and dim, A -

3d Voice.

D.C.

- las! for the child of the drunk - ard, A - las! for the "poor lit - tle Tim!"

GO AND LEARN A TRADE.

SONG AND THREE-PART CHORUS. WILL S. HAYS.

Moderato.

stacc. *mf*

f

1. We have a lit - tle song to sing, And ev - 'ry word is true, You'll
2. Your ed - u - ca - tion may be good, But time is flit - ting by, In -
3. This coun - try's full of "nice young men," Who from their du - ty shirk, Who
4. Be tem - per - ate in all you do, Be faith - ful to your "boss," You'll

1 find that ev - 'ry line is meant, Young gen - tle - man, for you! We've
2 - stead of work - ing, don't be fooled, The old man may not die; And
3 think 'twould crush their fam - 'ly pride, If they should go to work; Take
4 find the more you do for him, Will nev - er prove a loss. You'll

1 no in - ten - tion to of - fend, In what is sung or said, The
2 if he should, the chan - ces are, His will may be mis - laid, Or
3 off your coat, (your fa - ther did,) And find some hon - est maid, Who'll
4 find in fif - ty years from now, When fame and for - tune's made, The

1 sum and sub - stance of it is, To go and learn a trade.
2 you cut off with - out a cent, So go and learn a trade.
3 help you make your for - tune, when You've learned an hon - est trade.
4 best step that you ev - er took, Was when you learned a trade.

CHORUS.
1st & 2d VOICE.

The "com - ing man" is he, who lives To see his for - tune made,...

3d VOICE.

Acc.

..... Whom ev - 'ry bod - y will re - spect, Because he learned a trade.....

Symp.

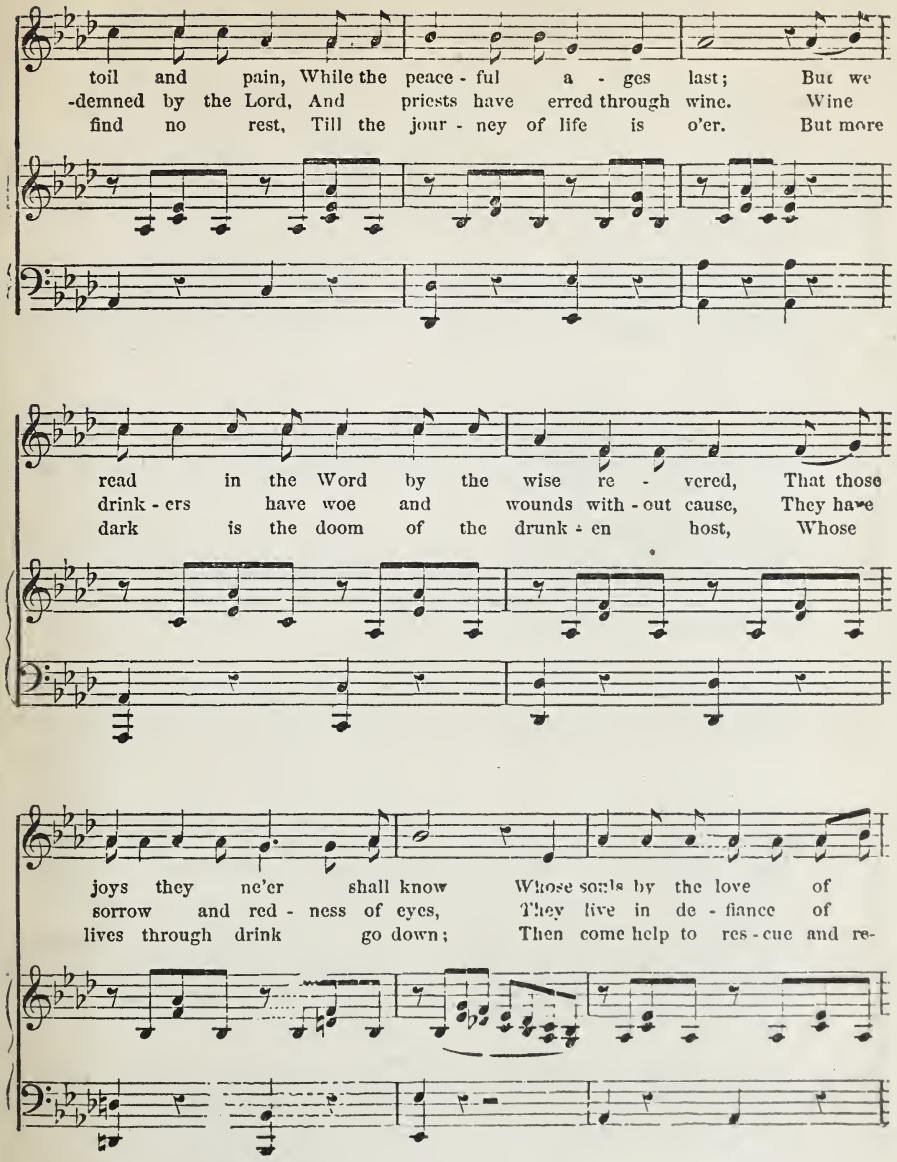
S.

TEMPERANCE SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D. Music by JAMES G. CLARK.

Andantino.

1. By the riv - ers of peace where the pure shall reign When the storms of life are past, There re-mains a rest, free from
2. The mock - er, strong drink, is de - nounced by the word, It de- -stroys every im -pulse di - vine; The drunkards of Ephraim were con- tempter shall come no more,
3. While waiting for that home, sweet home of the blest, Where the We sigh for the wea - ry who


toil and pain, While the peace - ful a - ges last; But we
-demned by the Lord, And priests have erred through wine. Wine
find no rest, Till the jour - ney of life is o'er. But more
read in the Word by the wise re - vered, That those
drink - ers have woe and wounds with - out cause, They have
dark is the doom of the drunk - en host, Whose
joys they ne'er shall know Whose souls by the love of
sorrow and red - ness of eyes, They live in de - fiance of
lives through drink go down; Then come help to res - cue and re-

wine are seared, Ere they leave this world be - low.
na - ture's great laws, And they die as the fool - ish man dies.
-claim the lost, And Christ will re - ward thee a crown.

CHORUS.

Then shun the foul poi - son that kills Soul and bod - y by the ten thousand
Then spurn the vile monster that fills Jails and prisons by the ten thousand
Oh! check the chief cause of these ills, Save the fall - en by the ten thousand

rit. *ad lib.*

score; Oh! drink from the life - giving rills, Where they hunger and thirst no more
score; Oh! drink from the pure liv-ing rills, Where they hunger and thirst no more.
score; Then at last, on the ev - er-green hills Thou shalt hunger and thirst no more.

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